

The Liberty Bell.



THE
Liberty Bell.

BY
FRIENDS OF FREEDOM.

"It is said that the evil spirytes that ben in the regyon, double moche when they here the Bells rongen: and this is the cause why the Bells ben rongen, whan greet tempeste and outrages of wether happen, to the end that the fiends and wycked spirytes should be abashed and flee. —*The Golden Legend, by Wynkyn de Worde.*

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Sonnet,

Suggested by the inscription on the Bell of the Hall of Independence,
Philadelphia. "Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land, unto
all the inhabitants thereof."

BY ANNE WARREN WESTON.

Not to this land alone ; to every clime
Those tones of hope and prophecy were borne ;
Forerunners of the sure if distant morn
That yet shall break as in that earlier prime

By angels greeted. Not less sweet the chime
When every cliff shall echo back the lays
Of Slaves made Freemen. On what shore shall
blaze

The first effulgence of that light sublime ?

O Land from whence this beacon fire *should* shine,
Land hallowed by the tread of Pilgrim feet,
Land sanctified by prayers, made dear by graves
Of Freedom's martyrs, rouse in strength divine
And in true penitence those tones repeat !

The old world's despots vanish with thy Slaves.

Weymouth, October 1, 1851.

Consequences.

BY EDGAR BUCKINGHAM.

THE discussion of the subject of Abolitionism is having one happy effect, if no other, upon the community, — it brings us back to the consideration of first principles in morals and religion. Given certain views of moral truth, we are Slaveholders, or apologists for Slavery, on the one hand, or we are Abolitionists, on the other. Much of the excitement, much of the asperity, much of the outrageous and violent denunciation that have attended the Anti-Slavery movement, on the one side or the other, might to a great extent have been avoided, had the fact been clearly understood, that

great moral principles were in question, greater and deeper, even, than that which seems the deepest that can agitate our minds, — the right of man to property in his fellow man. And nearly all great questions that have agitated any community, through the long course of history, have depended on some points, unseen for the most part, by one party or the other of those who were most warmly engaged in the controversy.

Many people shrink from the discussion of abstract questions. Yet it is only by considering them that we can save ourselves from the mistake of Paul, that of being found vehemently engaged in active opposition to the very side which inwardly we most approve. In discussing abstract points, it is not at all necessary that we should renounce common sense and live upon unsubstantial visions. We certainly have enough in us, enough of manhood, enough of simplicity and sincerity, to enable us to discern, if we will, the difference between the mere figments of a heated imagination,

the drawn daggers of the air, marshalling us on to crime, and the actual paths of holy ground, where we must remove our shoes from our feet, worthily to stand there. We certainly have some tests of duty, some means of estimating the course of actual safety ; and do not, in considering abstract questions of right, deal merely with mental jugglery, by the cunning of which we may so blind our own or others' minds, as to mistake nonentities for realities, or think impossible things successfully accomplished.

The late enactment of Congress, known as "the Fugitive Slave Law," has been defended at the North, and, indeed, was originally passed, so far as the votes of non-Slaveholders are concerned, simply upon the basis of an abstract principle, namely : that consequences must be calculated, in deciding upon the authority of our inward impulses of justice. No one at the North pretends to justify the Law, — that is, no one in public, — that is, no man, who is supposed, or who pretends, to have

regard to anything sacred or real, — no such man, so far as we know, pretends to justify the Law, except upon the ground of the consequences apprehended, should we refuse to allow the South the existence of such a law upon the National Statute Book, — should we refuse to yield our best endeavors to return to her authority certain *travellers*, who have long lived under her institutions, and who, at last, prefer institutions of the Northern States, or of Canada, and seek to make to themselves a home at the North. The most dire consequences have been supposed to be foreseen. The disruption of the Union, — the end of the glory of “time’s noblest offspring,” — the final dissipation of the vision of a new dominion, that was to rival the British, Macedonian, Assyrian, or any that the world has known ; — civil war, with one knows not what horrors, nor how long-continued ; — and evils to the Slaves, immeasurably worse than any Slavery, — perhaps extermination itself, — or crimes and massacres performed by

them, such that the heart shudders at the bare idea.

Well ; — it is not at all necessary that we should refuse to listen to any statement of consequences, which any careful and honest minds may attempt to set forth. Apparently the worst consequences will sometimes ensue upon the wisest conduct ; in attempting to pursue the course of wisdom, we are not required to be blind to the result. Sometimes, too, the thought of consequences may make us review the plan we had proposed, may lead to more careful consideration, may enable us, even, to discover that a wrong step had been taken in our process of reasoning, or an evil spirit had intruded its influences unawares into the motives of our conduct. Let us see the consequences as you see them. Let us see if it is our crime, that we overlook them, or your disease of vision that creates them. Let us see if the shadows will vanish, when a stout heart calls them to appear, or will come out of the darkness into broad day, and

show themselves realities that cannot be overlooked.

But the main point in discussion still is, whether our expectation of consequences should be allowed to weigh more with us than natural sentiments of justice. Even if it should be satisfactorily proved, to the common mind, that the Bible allows the existence of Slavery, — still the question would occur what shall we do with the testimony of our natural sentiment of justice in regard to it? It is admitted that our natural sentiments have in them something divine. The idea of justice is not the invention of the human mind; it was not discovered at any assignable period, like galvanism or gravitation; — it is not attributed to any great man as its inventor, nor has it grown up through the successive inventions and discoveries of many ages. Is a revelation by miracles divine? So is the sense of justice also. If a man feels the motion of compassion in his heart, will it be sufficient to tell him, that it is but a prejudice of education or

the result of human contrivances? Or if the heart refuses the suggestions of impurity, through its own native delicacy, would it be sufficient to say that there is nothing *divine*, only a human fancy, in the shrinking of the soul from sin? or if a man should be greatly troubled by remorse, could all the Acts of Congress in the world, or all arguments before Commissioners, avail to teach him that nothing spoke to him, but his own mind, nothing that demanded religious obedience, no voice of God, but of man alone? But how is conscience divine, or chastity, or compassion, and not justice also? Shall we pass a resolution, in Congress, that the Christian religion is a plain cheat, in its pretence of a divine origin? Why not, as well as pass a law that calls upon any man to do an outrage to the sense of justice speaking in his heart, the voice of God directing his particular conduct? And shall any view of *consequences* be held sufficient to make him disown his inward sense of justice, when the world would demand of him

that he should not, *under any view of consequences*, be induced to deny the name of Christ?

But on the other hand, there is nothing divine in our power of foretelling future events. In considering the consequences of refusing assent to the Fugitive Slave Bill, we find that it is not through any divinely accredited messenger that the vision of them is opened before us. The veil of the future is said to be raised; but whose hand lifts it? No miracle has preceded, to assure us that it is a *prophet's* hand. No words of peculiar wisdom, no features of peculiar piety, no life of singular righteousness, have been presented to overcome the soul of the hearer and observer, and compel him to regard as divine the hand that points to the visions that are to come. No: we have only assurances that those who foretell these consequences are men like ourselves, seeing with eyes such as we see with,—likely to make mistakes, or to be deluded by passion as we should be. Is this a prophecy, then? It is the word of

a man, it may be of a fearful man, it may be of a deluded man, it may be of one, who, not self-deluded, attempts to fasten delusions on our minds and drive us from the truth. It is not a man above us ; — it may be one immeasurably below. These considerations do not apply particularly to the present case, the Fugitive Slave Law, and the consequences of refusing to enact it ; — they apply to every instance in which consequences are foretold and are presented as reasons for refusing obedience to the voice of the Divinity within.

And still further. One of the most difficult undertakings in the world is that of foreseeing the future, calculating from the present what events are to occur. The world of mankind is not a chemist's crucible or gallipot ; moral mixtures apparently the safest will explode, apparently the most hostile moral elements may be made to coalesce. What is the long history of striking occurrences in the world, but that of political chemists astounded at the results of their experiments ? The Abolition-

ists are charged with ignorance of human nature, with making too little allowance for human passions and determinations. One would say that Metternich understood the world well, — yet he is not, at this time of writing, Prime Minister of Austria. One would say that Louis Philippe understood the world. He could make himself King, he could make money, beyond the world's most successful speculators or merchants, — yet he could not die King. One would say Napoleon was a wise man in his knowledge of mankind. He made all streams flow to turn his mill and grind his grist; but a great gap broke through in his dam, and washed him and his mill away. Where is the great usurper that has ever been a simple man? and how many great usurpers have founded dynasties, or died in enjoyment of their authority? The kaleidoscope is not more surpassing strange in its changes, than the great world of men, which some power turns outside and unseen; and the great calculators that figure awhile, are in a moment

gone, no one can say whither, but never to appear again.

And, again, if it were allowable to introduce the view of consequences in order to offset our natural sentiments, it would be proper to ask, what consequences shall we consider? those of to-day, or those of to-morrow? or to what point of time, in the more distant future, shall we limit our view? There is no end to consequences. Injustice triumphs for the day: — nay, the statesman makes it triumphant through all the long honors of his life. But the time comes, when the nation suffers from the fruit of his doings. Visibly or invisibly, earlier or later, the world admits, a retribution always takes place. It answers very well for some temporary purpose to say, that by this or that deed of injustice certain evil consequences are averted. It seems very plausible to say that the preservation of the Union, the safety of the white and colored races, together, demand a Fugitive Slave Law. The proper reply is, IT IS NEVER

SAFE TO DO WRONG! There is one everlasting law, — as a man soweth, so shall he also reap. It is vain to say that the seed is buried, that it is out of sight, that it is so deep it can never appear again. Injustice has its resurrection. The consequence of the burial may appear very well to-day. Let us look and see what the fruits in autumn are. Consequences, let it be remembered, have no end, and in due time such as the act is the consequences will be.

Again, let it be considered that the plea of consequences, urged as it is at this present time as a necessary element of moral calculation, has always been urged, in every age, as the great plea for usurpation and oppression and for personal iniquity. One might well pause before using, in order to counteract his moral sentiments, a plea which justifies every wicked action. Whenever the world has fallen into trouble, forth steps some man of power, seizes the reins of government, puts to death a score or two, or a thousand or two of

his fellow men, establishes a reign of terror, — and this, too, with the profession of the purest motives, — to advance the cause of true liberty, to give the people safety for property, and life, and happiness. The Slaveholder, to say no more, closes the page of knowledge against his victim ; the consequences of knowledge are so dreadful to contemplate. The life of the dishonest man is founded upon his fear of the consequences of honesty. Our prisons are filled, not with men alone who have been driven by passion, or betrayed by ignorance, into crime, but with men whose whole life has been the most careful consideration of the consequences of their conduct. That the consequences of an action are fearful, does this deter us ? If our government assumes this principle as the justification of its conduct, and has no better, it ranks itself with all the usurpers and criminals of the world.

But whatever other consequences may be averted, through denial of our moral instincts, there are

always *moral* consequences, which cannot be avoided. If we assume the plea of consequences as a justification of moral conduct, let us understand that we leave out of calculation the greatest element of all. Sentiments of justice, we are all capable of. None but the pure-minded and the strong-hearted are able to calculate the moral consequences of their actions. The bad cannot see them. The worldly-wise have no eye for them. Politicians are not at all used to calculate them. Yet through all the pages of history, sacred and profane, — see the constantly repeated lesson of moral corruption multiplying and ever multiplying, in compound ratio, as the result of evil deeds. With nations, as with individuals, when the course of corruption begins, it is too often the principle,

“ I am in blood

Stepped in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.”

We have had a time, in this nation, of great

•

men, greatly good. We have had our boast of a nation founded on liberty and virtue. But what an education are we giving to the future politicians of the country, when we point to national greatness as the present recompense of national crime !

But, it is said, the calculation of consequences alone can save us from that fanaticism, which belongs often to the moral and religious sentiments. There may be a danger of becoming fanatical ; but upon the whole, the world has suffered little from fanatics. And often the fanatics of one generation are the admitted saints of all after times. It is certainly easier to judge of the calmness and truth of one's own emotions, than to foretell future events. We may be deceived as to the future, but we can know ourselves. The great and good men of the world, and the humble and pure men of the world, while humbly committing the government of the world, after the exertion of their own best endeavors, to its true great Governor, have easily

learned whether they were obeying the everlasting laws of the universe, or were following fancies of their own vanity, or were driven on by the fierceness of their own passions. They feel the pulse at their wrists, and find it equable : they look at their tongues in the glass, and find them clean ; they examine their hearts, and find no perturbation, no uncleanness there. But is there no fanaticism, on the other side ? Is there not a worldly fanaticism, roused by unreal fears, by selfish purposes, by all of evil hope that the world can inspire ? This is the fanaticism of which the age is in danger. It calculates consequences, but it calculates only the nearest. It imagines visions, which have no foundation in reality, and which the calm-minded know to be unreal. It is a mad passion, in defence of some present and profitable state of things. It is better to believe in the safety of the unknown consequences, which, under the guidance of our moral sentiments will be brought about, than to fear those which worldly passion imagines.

It is better to enthrone justice, and trust it to the uttermost. Justice is always safe. Who knows what is just? It is a daily revelation. It is the daily message of the great Governor of the world to each of his subjects.

Trenton, N. Y., September, 1851.

The Strife with Slavery.

BY EMMA MICHELL.

THOSE who would serve this holy cause must prove
The doubting spirits, and with fearless love
Of truth must follow where it leads ; must turn
From gentle words that soothe to "words that
burn,"

Must cry aloud and spare not. Sin must be
Stripped of its veil of fine-spun casuistry.
The man who holds his fellow-man in chains
Must know himself as one the world disdains.
There must be no disguise not e'en to please
The dainty tastes of those who sit at ease
In Zion, blind and dumb, except to cry,
" Our mission lies in silence — charity.

“Send back the Slave. Let blood-hounds track
his way.

“With Boston’s sons ‘to hear is to obey.’”

Their charity is not, alas ! for those
Who bear the stripes, but those who deal the
blows.

Shame to the Pilgrim city ! She would be
A bye-word and a living infamy,
But for the righteous few whose hands shall raise
Their country from the dust, to be the gaze
Of future ages, which may yet behold
The power of virtue over that of gold.

Bristol, England, September 15, 1851.

African Inventors.

BY DAVID LEE CHILD.

WHETHER the different varieties of the human species are equal in mental endowments, and whether they had a unity or diversity of origin are questions rather curious than useful. To zoölogists and theologians they have some scientific and polemical interest; but to moralists and philanthropists they are of no more importance than whether the African lion is equal or superior to others of his kind. He is a lion and king of beasts, and that is enough. But his negro neighbors are not his subjects; on the contrary they tame him and they command him, which proves

that they are no beasts. If I knew a race of monkies anxious to improve their faculties and elevate their condition, I should consider the desire as parent of the capacity, and deem it a duty to encourage and aid them, — especially if they were oppressed and restrained by several united tribes of brutes. Had Jocko the sense and spirit to run away, and signify that he was tired of being rigged in a red jacket, cap, and feather like a man-slayer, and jumping about like the motley clown ; that he desired knowledge and disliked the idea of being limited all his life, like the degenerate Romans, to “*panem et circenses* ;” who ~~is~~ there, not himself a brute, that would not help the poor fellow, and put him, if possible, in the way to accomplish his laudable desire. The obligation to impart is of the same nature and force as that to receive instruction. A message from on high may be rejected as innocently as the prayer of the meanest aspirant to the light of truth.

In noting some inventions known or believed to

have originated with Africans, guilty of the deepest dye, I have no intention of ministering to that morbid feeling, (if it be not something worse,) which demands of our colored brethren that they prove themselves demi-gods, as a condition of being admitted to be men ! For manifest it is that they must be gifted with superhuman abilities to show themselves, under present circumstances, equal *as a race* to the whites. We require them to command our admiration before we condescend to give them justice. This is to apply, like some ancient tyrants, a test which is intended to be fatal. Our treatment, as a nation and government, of colored Americans, has been scarcely less irrational or inhuman than that of an Asiatic despot, who put out the eyes of certain of his subjects and then cut off their heads, alleging that they were of no worth without eyes. After twenty years of earnest appeal, argument and remonstrance, the same unreasoning and unrighteous spirit is rife in a mighty majority of the men and women even of

the Northern States, men and women who pretend that they aspire to be admitted to the society of the Son and the Angels of God !

It was reported some years ago that Daniel Webster had made a searching examination of the question of colored equality, and would take occasion to state the result in a speech. From his not having done so, it may be conjectured that his convictions turned out adverse to his wishes. Some may imagine that his recent course is a sufficient indication that his conclusions were unfavorable to the colored race. But this would imply that he has been actuated by some principle, which nobody or next to nobody supposes. The utmost that appears to be claimed for him is, that he acted upon a larger and more complex calculation of interest, than any democratic servitor of the Slave Power and betrayer of his constituents was ever capable of making. What can be fairly inferred from Webster's late action is, that he had satisfied his mind that his darker brethren were not likely

very soon to have office, scrip, or pension to bestow. But he would have come to a similar conclusion respecting Abolitionists or Free Soilers, if he had had under his hand the heads of Garrison, Phillips and Quincy, or, what in his present temper would please him more than all the three — the head of Horace Mann. Speaking of heads recalls an anecdote of an eminent literary character of Boston, a signer of the Webster address. A Southerner paid him a visit, and on retiring remarked to the friend, who introduced him, that he had seen better heads than that sold for \$800 at the South ! Those who would uncandidly elude the force of this testimony in favor of colored intellect, may say that good heads, not colored, have been sold there, time out of mind, and that we have now seen so sold the finest head in New England ; a head, which Phidias would have placed on the shoulders of Jupiter, even the Olympian head of Daniel Webster ; certainly not so cheap, but that was probably owing in part, if not altogether, to

the recommendation of Andover, for "pious Slaves" always command an extra price.

Theodore Parker, in his Eulogy on John Quincy Adams, a discourse composed in a spirit which would render contemporary biography something more dignified and profitable than the ordinary adulation of such occasions, assigns to the inventor the highest niche in the temple of fame. Milton, in his plea for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing, maintains that a people, having "wherewithal to bestow upon the solidest and sublimest points of controversy and new invention," afford both proof of the highest vigor and fertility of mind and promise of noble progress and a great destiny. The terms inventor and invention are used here in a sense larger than the popular meaning. He who contrives and constructs an instrument for abridging, facilitating and expediting mechanical, manufacturing, agricultural, or scientific processes, is an inventor; but not exclusively so, nor in the highest sense. He who finds out new laws or properties

of matter or mind is an inventor. He who originates laws and institutions for the establishment, preservation, or improvement of civil society is an inventor. He who finds out shorter avenues to knowledge and methods for its readier and wider diffusion is an inventor. He who adds to dry historical facts new and stirring action, unlocking latent motives, developing natural passion, aggrandizing what is noble, degrading what is base, and giving to the past the reality and vividness of the present ; or who imagines and depicts worthy events with a natural train of incidents, accessories, and circumstances, giving new lustre to truth, new sympathy and admiration to heroic virtue, new horror of corruption and crime, new force to conscience and stimulus to duty, is an inventor and poet. Inventive genius is next in dignity and importance to creative power. Next to the Creator is the man who finds out new properties, laws, relations, combinations, and uses of that which is

created. He who is nearest the Creator is the greatest creature.

The first person in Europe who used and recommended cold water as a medicament, was Dr. Wright, of Edinburgh. He commenced the practice of his profession in the navy, and was ultimately appointed fleet surgeon under Lord Nelson. During a portion of his life he practiced in the British West Indies. There he was led to this subject by the *Maroons*. These people, inhabiting the remotest and most inaccessible parts of the mountains, could not avail themselves of medical assistance from the towns and plantations. Abandoned to their own resources, they had established, in cases of putrid and malignant fever, the great adversary of life in that climate, the following practice, which they informed Dr. Wright was common in Africa. They took clay and cold water and worked them together until the mass was of the consistence of paste. With a thick coat of this

they encased the patient from head to foot, except the nose and eyes. In this state he was suffered to remain until the water was exhausted. The clay was then removed and the patient washed with cold water. The application was repeated at intervals until the disease was subdued. This practice was attended with such success as to impress Dr. Wright with the importance of the principle on which it was founded. He soon satisfied himself that the clay exercised no influence on the disease, and that it served simply as a vehicle of the water ; and, though very well chosen inasmuch as it takes more water, and retains it longer, than any other permeable substance, still, as he was desirous of trying the remedy as soon as he could find a willing subject, he sought to divest it of its repulsive form, anticipating that the novelty and strangeness of the practice would create sufficient repugnance, without the additional disgust of being bedaubed all over with mud. Cold water being the active agent, he concluded that simple affusion

thereof, continued for a sufficient time, and repeated according to the exigencies of the case, would effect all that the remedy was capable of, and afford a sufficient test of its value. But in an extensive practice he could find no patient who would consent to incur the risk of an experiment. At length he was embarked on a voyage to Europe and when some days at sea the ship-fever broke out on board. Several of the crew died after an illness of one or two days. The Doctor now thought that in the terror and despair caused by this sudden and dreadful mortality, he should find ample opportunity for the trial he had so long sought. But not a sailor, proverbially reckless as sailors are, would give his consent. Finally the Doctor was himself taken down by the pestilence. But the calamity was attended by the consolation of having at last found a willing subject. He determined to try the negro remedy upon himself. Accordingly when the fever had become violent and was approaching the crisis, he caused himself to be

carried on deck enveloped in a blanket, and then in a state of nudity to be drenched with successive buckets of cold water drawn from the ocean. He was again wrapped in the blanket, and laid without removing it in his berth. In a short time a gentle perspiration ensued, and he fell into a sound and refreshing sleep. On the following day there was a moderate access of fever, and *cold affusion* was repeated. This completed the cure. In about thirty-six hours from the time of the attack he was re-established. Upon his arrival in England he sent a memoir of the case to the London Medical Society. It was read in that learned body, and excited the greatest attention and surprise ; but it so alarmed professional pride and prejudice, and narrow selfish conservatism, that it was "placed on file," like letters to whig candidates inquiring their principles, and no further notice taken of it. This was about the year 1770. It did not see the light until some ten years after, when the author made a second voyage to England, and then pub-

lished it himself. Dr. Currie appears to have been the first medical writer who recognized the merit of the discovery. He inserted an account of it in his extensive work. It was soon after used with good effect in various parts of Europe, particularly in Italy and Germany ; and must be considered the germ of that great and wide spreading system of healing disease, called HYDROPATHY. These facts were found in an interesting memoir of the life of Dr. Wright, and collection of his writings edited by David Turnbull, Esq.

For some years after the battle of New Orleans, a report prevailed among the colored people of this country that Gen. Jackson's *cotton-bale* breastwork, which is credited to him as a surpassing stroke of genius, was suggested by one of their race, a native of Africa. Whether the fact were so or not I have never been able to ascertain. The report is so strange that it would require a rare effort of invention to raise it without a foundation in truth. It derives some countenance from the following

occurrence which took place at the siege of Diu some three hundred years ago. It is derived from the Portuguese account of the siege. Two distinguished warriors from Ethiopia joined the besiegers. On one morning the besieged were astonished at beholding an extensive rampart of *cotton bags* erected in advance of the besieging lines. Don John de Castro, Vice-Roy of India, was the commander of Diu. He had been carrying on wars and making conquests in Asia for some twenty years ; and if he and the veterans under him were astonished at this species of fortification, we may conclude that it was not Asiatic, but African, and that the chiefs from Ethiopia were the authors of it.

Mr. Hamilton, an English engineer, found at Meroe, the capital of ancient Ethiopia, specimens of the arch, which he pronounces the earliest extant or on record ; and thinks that we owe the invention of this grand element of strength, beauty, and sublimity in architecture to the Ethiopians.

Toussaint l'Ouverture was as truly an inventor as Lycurgus, Numa Pompilius, or Solon. During the few years in which he governed Hayti, by his wise legislation, his fertility in expedients, and the intelligence, vigor, and promptitude of his administration, he renovated, "as if by magic," a country demoralized by license and wasted by the hand of war. If we could see impartially, perhaps he would appear to be even superior to those ancient sages, because it was in quiet seclusion and profound peace that they conceived and framed their respective codes and institutions, while he was in the focus of war, or struggling through the chaos, which its devastations had left. They were of the highest rank, and accomplished in all the learning of their times ; he a self-taught Slave.

The Colchians were the inventors of geographical maps and charts, and the Colchians were a colony of negroes. I am aware that this statement has been controverted, but Herodotus, who travelled to Colchis, affirms that they were black, and

had woolly heads. The fidelity and accuracy of the Father of History, when he speaks of things within his own knowledge, have generally been confirmed by the efforts made to impugn them.

Facts, illustrative of the inventive capacity of negro men, might be further accumulated from my limited and incidental observations, for I have not attempted a special investigation of the subject. Some useful mechanical inventions in common use, from which however the inventors by reason of Slavery, prejudice and fraud have not derived the appropriate honors and rewards, are said to have been made by colored men both bond and free.

I shall be happy if these few lines shall tend to establish in the minds of any of my countrymen, who suppose themselves to be of superior endowments, a conviction that these oppressed and despised children of the common Parent are susceptible of high, if not equal improvement, and capable, under a free and full development of their

faculties, of contributing in fair proportion to the improvement and happiness of mankind.

West Newton, December, 1850.

voice which summoned them to the glorious Festival. And, in accordance with the parable, it was only the poorest and most miserable, and they in a manner compelled by the extremity of their destitution and misery, it was only they, who were admitted to the Supper that was prepared. They entered and partook of the Heaven-appointed feast, — while the rich and the honorable, the leading men of the nation, with the great majority who were under their influence, remained without, engrossed with their vain cares, proving oxen, examining lands, marrying and giving in marriage, and not one of them tasted of the great Supper.

And why was it so? Why was it that those who, from their position and culture seemed to be the elect company, the invited guests, the very persons, who would be the first to quit everything and crowd to the Feast, declined and evaded the invitation upon the most miserable prettexts?

The simple truth is they had conceived a false idea of the nature of the coming kingdom, of the

great Supper, of which they considered themselves the chosen guests. They were expecting a feast indeed, but it was to be a feast for the senses. It was to feed the appetite for pomp. It was to flatter and gratify their national pride and ambition. It was to refine and multiply all the means of animal enjoyment. They looked for splendid robes and gorgeous chariots, and thrones, and a world of wealth and luxury. They fondly expected that the servant, who should come to announce that all was ready and invite their presence, would come emblazoned with the livery of office. With these expectations, how could they so much as recognize the servant of the great Host in the person who was telling them this story? He was a poor, unknown man, from the despised country of Galilee, from that meanest of all places, Nazareth. He was destitute of every external sign of authority; so poor indeed that he had not a roof to cover his head. How could they possibly regard him and his pretensions but with contempt? And what

was he inviting them to? To a feast? To a grand Supper? Why, he was of the poorest of the poor himself, and he taught the people not to care about what they should eat and drink and wherewithal they should be clothed. He represented obloquy and persecutions as occasions of great gladness. He told those who were most favorably disposed towards him, that they must make up their minds to suffer privations and a violent death. How could it be but that his invitations must repel them? No wonder they begged to be excused. The wonder is that he found any to listen to him. Even the very poorest, we should have expected, would turn away from him. Some of these did hearken to him, however, and became his fast friends, accepting his invitation to the great Supper that was made ready. But even these, like the poor, the lame and the blind, in the parable, were compelled, driven to listen to him by their extreme destitution, driven to set down at the Feast. They too shared in the universal idea that

the promised kingdom was a condition of great wealth and external magnificence. Still, so wretched were they, so greatly needy, so conscious of their need, that they were forced to listen to the man of Nazareth, and there was that in his voice and in his look that fixed their attention and went straight to their hearts. And by and by they found, especially the simple-minded few who attached themselves to him most devotedly, that it was indeed a feast to which he had called them. It is true, they were soon involved in distresses great and manifold. They were despised and hated by everybody. They hungered and thirsted, and it was a bold thing for any one to compassionate them so much as to give them a cup of cold water. They were hunted from place to place, made all manner of game of, and they perished miserably. But, notwithstanding all this, they were partaking all the while of a very feast of the angels. They were nourished and exhilarated with imperishable food. Though no man brought them

ought to eat, they had food which the world knew not of, and of which it could not rob them. They became aware, miserable as their outward estate was, that it was with them as if they were seated at a great festival, with patriarchs and saints, and the great Master of the feast. They tasted a divine joy. They possessed a peace that eye could not see nor heart imagine, but it was revealed unto them in the spirit; and it is manifested unto us in the immortal words of gladness and triumph which fill those brief writings of theirs that have been handed down to us. The dungeons into which they were thrown echoed with their songs; and they exulted in the sufferings by means of which they became partakers of so great a joy.

And what was it that so fed and refreshed them? What was it that made them willing to relinquish the cherished comforts of life and become objects of public contempt and violence? What was it that repaid them a thousand fold for all their privations? It was no unintelligible enthusiasm,

no visionary hope. It was that which every man, if not by the conscious possession of it in some degree, yet by the want of it, knows to be the most substantial satisfaction of which the being of man is capable, — the vivid and loving perception of truth at once the grandest and the most simple, the recognition of the supremacy of Right, a conscious love of God and man, so fervent that all concern for what the world could give or inflict was consumed in the divine flame. Amidst all their troubles, though their steps were dogged by Insecurity, Alarm and Death, these true men were inwardly partakers of the great Festival of Truth and Humanity. They were no men of education or genius. They had neither money nor rank. They were nothing, nothing good in the eyes of the world, poor, ignorant fanatics, firebrands, turning the world upside down, unsettling all things with their pestilent and impracticable abstractions. They broached no mysterious dogmas. They observed no fantastic rites. They wore no strange

costume. They used no peculiar phraseology. But, maintaining those simple principles to which the universal conscience of mankind assents the instant they are declared, and which had never found so full and commanding an expression as in him whom they followed, living by those principles and suffering for them in contempt of the world's practices and laws, they found in the truth for which they were defamed, an abundant overpayment, a triumphant strength, an inexhaustible life.

So abundantly were they strengthened, such delight had they in serving God and their fellow-man, who, as God knows, needed help and still needs it, that it was with them as if they were sharing in a magnificent festival, in company with the sainted servants of Truth of all ages and countries. O yes, in the very midst of all their pains and perils, they entered into a divine kingdom. Their spirits were arrayed in robes of splendor, fitting a royal presence. Their inmost sense was

ravished with the seraphic harmonies of Truth and Righteousness. They fed upon the bread of Heaven. Their souls mounted within them as in chariots of flame above the savage uproar of blood-thirsty mobs. Thus they partook of the great Supper.

But the rich and wise, who had been so particularly invited, invited by their education and by all those advantages, which, as we should naturally think, must have prepared them to recognise the servant of Truth when he came, and to accept his invitations — they would not listen. They lingered and lived and passed away, walking in a vain show, subsisting or trying to subsist on the decaying and decayed husks of the world's conventionalities, wandering on to the grave amidst graves and the weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth of disappointed hopes and guilty passions, and all the misery that abounds where phantoms are honored and realities despised. They were in high condition, it may be, as the world goes, (but how it

goes ! with what rapidity, and what wretched wear and tear of life !) but at best their happiness was a thin vapor, gilded by a passing gleam of light. Not one of them entered the true kingdom. Not one of them, with all their wealth and honors, tasted of the great Supper.

And now has their case no parallel at the present day ? Has the story of the great Supper no meaning for us, to which, if there be aught in life to interest us, we may well give our instant attention ? Or rather, has it not at this very hour a significance as full and as pointed as when it was first told ? Are not we, evidently, in our unparalleled position, by the teeming civilization of the age, by our rare civil and religious liberties, by all the means which we possess of attaining to a nobler manner of living — nay, are we not by our very nature which apprehends the sacred Law of Justice, which trembles and glories in sympathy with the wronged, which reverses what is true and hates what is false — are we not directly bidden to the great Supper,

invited guests to the divine Festival of Truth, of Freedom and of Humanity, where we may sit down in the enjoyment of an immortal pleasure with the august company of those who have lived and died for God's laws and man's deliverance? And are not the servants of the great Master of the Feast abroad, proclaiming that all things are now ready and summoning us to his presence and his table? The Supper, abounding in more than ambrosial sustenance, in that nourishment of which when we once partake we shall never hunger or thirst more, is waiting for us. The invitation is ringing in our ears, not indeed from the lips of the honorable and mighty. It comes not, whence we look for it to come, from men clad in the authority of office, from Senators and Secretaries and Presidents; but it comes, as it came of old, from the unknown, from those whom the many regard with contempt, and for whom they can find no name sufficiently opprobrious, and whose presence is a signal for popular commotion. It speaks

in events, in the brute ignorance and violated rights of God-created men, in the dumb agonies or the gasping cry of the poor Fugitive, panting for secure liberty, and fleeing from an accursed, soul-destroying bondage.

As the descendants of Abraham in the time of Jesus were invited by him to the great Feast of Righteousness and Love, prepared by God from the foundation of the world, so is the same invitation given to us at this very day. Hundreds of earnest voices plead with us. Events speak. And with one consent we are trying to make excuse. How many are engrossed with their merchandise. It perils their profits and their custom, even to think of heeding the summons to the Festival of Freedom and Humanity. Others again, (and what a multitude !) have wives and children and friends, and they cannot bear the idea of the divisions and the odium they must incur, and therefore they cannot come. And there are others, with whom those frail devices of human wisdom,

the Union and the Constitution have become as God, occupying the same place, invested with the same sanctity that was attributed to their Temple by the Jews, who absolved children from their duty to their parents if they would only appropriate to the Temple what their parents might need for their support ; — thus making vain an eternal law of God. And yet others do, as, no doubt, did multitudes in the days of Christ, they follow the multitude. They ask, as was asked of old, have any of our rulers or doctors learned in the law and in divinity accepted this invitation ? They follow the lead of those who, they confess at the same time, are struggling for office and power. Under cover of such high authorities, they would fain satisfy themselves that they have nothing to do with the wrongs of their enslaved and hunted brother but to obey the laws which men make to perpetuate and increase his wrongs, to leave him in his wretchedness and in the respectable

company of Priests and Levites pass by on the other side.

We may make these excuses as often and as long as we please. But, as God liveth, it is to our own irreparable loss. Be entreated. Ponder the solemn words : “ Not one of those men who were bidden shall taste of my Supper.” “ They may have their own banquetings and jubilees and fill themselves with the food which cometh out of the earth, and feed their souls with all manner of high-sounding and lying words, if they can, but my Supper, the immortal feast of Truth and Liberty, the bread that cometh down from Heaven — they shall not touch.” O we are not here on God’s earth merely to go fashionably arrayed and to be well housed and fed, and to get the repute of wealth, but for things infinitely better ; to be true, to be just, to serve Truth and Right and Humanity at every sacrifice, except of Truth and Humanity. And when we put away from us the simple claims

of Justice and persuade ourselves that they are none of our business, we put away from us our own most dear life. We refuse to partake of that eternal blessedness, that great Supper, of which we are, by our very nature, the bidden guests. We lock and bar ourselves out from the good of life.

When once the master of the Feast has risen and shut to the door, and we begin to stand without, crying, Lord, Lord, open unto us, then will he say to us, "I do not know you. Go away, ye enactors and upholders of iniquity! For I was a Slave and ye took no pity on me. I was a fugitive from the house of bondage and ye drove me back." And then shall we say unto him, When saw we thee a fugitive or a Slave and did not minister unto thee? And then will he answer: "Inasmuch as ye did it not to the least of these my brothers, ye did it not to me." And there is no law of man, no Union however glorious, no

Constitution, though it were ever so wise, that can be pleaded in arrest of the awful judgment of God.

Philadelphia, September, 1851.

The Autograph of Sims.

BY SOPHIA L. LITTLE.

WHAT moving sight my vision dims ?
Thy Autograph, O injured Sims,
Traced by thy hand. That will of thine
Gained in three hours the art divine.
Two words — and those a prisoner's name,
Yet damning to undying shame
The men, the country, who could dare
Shut up that soul in deep despair.
Two little words, — yet theirs the power
Back on the heart to roll the Hour,
The Agony, the Passion-night
Of Freedom in her war for right.

Dear bought Hell's triumph at that time
When, pinioned like a Son of Crime,
Dark Judas drave his Lord along
'Mid the vile rabble's jeering song.
Dear bought the Judas of this day
Attains his transitory sway,
His hooting minions trampling down
The Higher Law — the Godhead's crown.
For He who sits upon the Heaven
Hath to His Christ the victory given,
Who comes in saving strength ere long
To raise the weak, to o'erthrow the strong.
True hearts even ere that hour is come,
Though suffering even to martyrdom,
Are never vanquished, but they grow
More and more bold with every blow.
The martyr to his stake will bear
Heart-glory in his heavenly air,
And prophet-hymns of triumph-days
Burst from his lips while faggots blaze.

Oh, Sims ! even on that dreary morn,
When thou and Freedom overborne,
Bad men and the infernal host
Guarded thee to our treacherous coast,
Thy fettered feet pressing the shore
Cursed by thy anguish evermore,
Even then though tears thy dark cheek dewed,
The Soul within was unsubdued.
When in the Slave-ship, midst their hate,
Abjects, with petty power elate,
Insult thy solitary tears
With their low taunts and bitter jeers,
When, the swift, cruel voyage o'er,
The curséd craft drew near the shore,
And thy near doom so pressed thee down, —
The jail, the master's threatening frown,
Presaging all his torturing art
Would do to break thy noble heart, —
Even then to bless thy humble prayers
A joy is thine no tyrant shares ;

The exultant and triumphant soul
Upheld of Heaven mocks man's control.
This made thee bear the scourge so long,
Yet ne'er confess thy flight was wrong ;
This is the cause why yet we hear
Of thy strong Faith which mocks at fear ;
This leads thee on, oh, truly free,
To work thy glorious Destiny,
And hallows to heroic hymns
Thy Autograph, the name of Sims.

Newport, R. I., September, 1851.

More Warsaws than One.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

THE children of Madame Sztelma were told, one day, that they might have a holiday for the whole morning. They might go into the Park as early as they pleased, and stay there till their mother should call them in to dinner. Such a thing had never happened before as their going into the Park before saying their lessons; but to-day, there were to be no lessons. It was some way round to get into the Park by the gate; but one green corner stretched up to the back of the Sztelma's house; and in this green corner, under the shade of the trees, the children were to play,

while their mother looked down upon them from the window where she sat at work. It was capital fun. Pelava rolled her little brother Sigismund in the grass; and Teresa hid behind the trees, and ran so fast when she was seen, that it was very difficult to catch her. When they were hungry and thirsty, their mother let down from the window a bottle full of milk and water, and a basket, with some bread and cakes. When, at last, they were tired, and wished to come home, their mother desired them not to come till she sent for them, and advised them to lie down under a tree and rest. When Sigismund had been asleep, and was awake again, he saw his father nodding from the window; and then the children were told that they might come home if they liked, and their mother would go round and meet them at the gate.

The reason for this strange holiday was a very serious one. A meeting of several of the gentlemen of Warsaw was held that morning in Sztelma's house, to consult about the approaching rising of

the Poles against Russia. It was necessary that the children should not know that any visitors were at the house that day. When the parents met the children at the Park gate, and Sztelma carried his tired boy home, they looked as happy a little family as could be seen. But the fact was, there were no happy families in Warsaw in those days. The Russian residents were afraid of the silent, cool-mannered Poles, with whom they could obtain no friendly intercourse ; and no Pole, who had wife and children, could endure to look forward to the spoiling of their lives by Russian tyranny. As these parents led their children home, their hearts were full of care ;—care relieved only by the spirit of high determination with which they had made up their minds to risk everything, to throw off the yoke.

The Emperor Alexander was not satisfied that all was well at Warsaw ; and he sent his brother,

the Grand Duke Constantine, to see about it. Madame Sztelma shuddered when she heard that he was coming; but the news kindled a strange light in her husband's eyes. As for the children, they were not allowed to go to the windows when the Russian Prince went by, in grand procession; and they never once entered the Park while he was in Warsaw. They scarcely saw their father for many days. His uniform was hardly off his back, day or night; for he, like other Polish officers, was harassed with duty. They were paraded all day; and some duty or another was found for them almost every night; so that, before ten days were over, Sztelma was looking haggard, and at times very fierce; and speaking in a husky voice, which had lost its cheerfulness of tone.

One day, a friend called on Madame Sztelma, to prepare her for misfortune. The Grand Duke was in a desperate ill-humor that morning; and he had been reprimanding Sztelma for some alleged slowness of movement on parade. There was

something in the tone in which the tyrant had said that he had not done with that officer yet, which assured those who heard him that mischief was impending ; and a friend came at once to Madame Sztelma, to advise her to be ready with whatever influence she could command on her husband's behalf. Before she could collect her thoughts, another bearer of evil tidings arrived. At the conclusion of the parade, the Prince had ordered a portion of the regiment to pile their bayonets. The bayonets were piled with their points uppermost, forming a pyramid. The Prince measured the height with his eye, ordered the pyramid to be raised a foot ; called out Sztelma, bade him mount his horse, and informed him that he was to leap the piled bayonets. Several officers at the same moment declared it to be impossible. The Prince said he would see that. To refuse was certain death. To obey was almost certain death. The horse understood the peril ; and he carried himself and his rider over. When

they arose from the plunge, the animal was trembling in every muscle, and his rider was pale as death. The disappointed Prince ordered that the thing should be done again. A few murmurs arose ; but there was no help. Contrary to all expectation, the horse cleared the bayonets a second time. The Prince was furious, and repeated his order, commanding the bayonets to be raised a foot. When there was a third escape, and then a fourth, the spectators became superstitious ; and their whispers about a special protection were so loud, and were accompanied by such looks at the Prince that he was obliged to restrain his fury for the moment. He desired Sztelma to appear before him ; but Sztelma had fainted away. He was carried out of the Square, — carried by Russians. And this was the last time that Sztelma was ever seen in Warsaw. All night, and for many succeeding days, his wife wandered from place to place, seeking tidings of him, and obtaining none. Sometimes she went home, deter-

mined to sit still there till some friend should come with hope or despair upon his lips ; but her restless misery drove her forth again and she never slept but by snatches till Constantine and his staff were gone, to report to the Emperor that Order reigned at Warsaw. The only thing then to be done was to prepare memorials for presentation to the Emperor. Before these could be sent, the Polish revolution broke out, and Madame Sztelma was not the only one who, with a breaking heart, was compelled to wait. Her friends wished she could have shared their persuasion, that her husband was dead. She could then have thrown herself into the cause, heart and hand, and have found occupation and solace in fearlessly working on the side which her husband had taken in the tremendous quarrel. But she could not believe that he was dead ; and she could not do anything which must ensure his destruction, if he yet lived. She secretly gave what money she had to the revolutionary cause ; but she shut herself up at home

with her children, — where Sigismund was very apt to cry for papa, because he wanted to ride papa's cane, and the little girls were perpetually recurring to the happy days when mamma never cried, and when they might look out of the windows, and play in the Park whenever they liked.

The Revolution was over, after some months, and horror reigned in Warsaw, — a horror which it can do no good to describe. One evening, a large wagon, such as was too often seen in the streets at that time, came slowly along the street in which the Sztelmas lived, stopping at three doors, and going on again, and then stopping at theirs. A Russian officer came in, and demanded the children. It was not a scene to be dwelt upon. The children were taken by force, and put into the wagon. It was not pretended that their mother would ever see them again. They were to be

taken to Russia, to be brought up, — the boy as a common soldier, and the girls probably as peasants' wives. They were to be taught their duty to the Emperor, — that is, their one piece of learning was to be that celebrated catechism of the Greek church, in which the Emperor is ranked with God as an object of actual worship. The life of a Russian soldier is one of unmitigated misery ; and of all blasphemy, that of worshipping the Emperor of Russia was most abhorrent to a Pole. Yet Madame Sztelma did not die, even of this excessive woe. There was some hope in her heart, — hope that her husband was living, and that she might by some means reach him, — hope that Poland would yet arise, before her children were too old for rescue. All whom she knew told her that Poland would yet arise ; and that she must endeavor to live to see that day.

By this time, it was Nicholas that was reigning. Alexander was dead, and Constantine had been put aside, as too brutal for even the throne of

Russia. At Warsaw, it seemed that there was little choice. Constantine could hardly have done worse than Nicholas did when his spies informed him that Madame Sztelma and another wretched mother had conspired to obtain means of communication with their children. He did not know, or he would have caused the mother to be informed, that two of her children had sunk under the hardships of the journey, and had been thrown out of the wagon, to die by the road side. The names of the children were dropped from the moment they left their parents' doors; and they were known by numbers only till they could be baptized by Russian names, on reaching their destination. So no one knew which of the little creatures died, and which survived; and Madame Sztelma was never aware that Pelava had become her only child. She and her friend were sentenced for their "conspiracy" to be flogged at the cart's tail, in one of the Squares at Warsaw: and there they were flogged. The residents closed their shutters, —

closed their ears, — tried, in their agony, to close their hearts ; but the echoes of that lash were heard in London, and in the cities of Italy and America.

Still, the feeble creature did not die. The Emperor had still something more for her to do. He signed an order by which six hundred ladies of Warsaw were drafted off, to be sent to the Chinese frontier, as wives for the common soldiers, and of these six hundred, Madame Sztelma was one. There was now nothing for her to do at home, in bringing up subjects for the Emperor ; and it was not politic to leave her for a spectacle in the midst of Warsaw.

What a dispersion it was then ! Among the Siberian snows, where black pine woods, and the depths of the mines alone afford shelter from the freezing storms and fatal drifts of winter, lived (and perhaps still lives) the father of that once happy looking household. He knows nothing of human affairs beyond the hamlet where he and his

fellow exiles live and toil. He has heard of no revolutions, no deaths of sovereigns, no hopes for the world in which he has found so hard a lot. But for his mental resources, he must have been dead long ago. As it is, he lives on thought, and on the hope which is the legitimate offspring of thought. In a wood by the road-side in Russia, lie the bones of Teresa and Sigismund, — hidden away from human knowledge. Almost as truly hidden away is Pelava, — in her coarse dress, with her cropped hair, and her badge, and her life full of coarse occupations, intended to stifle thought and aspiration. If, however, she has learned nothing, she has forgotten nothing. The sunny mornings at home by the mother's knee, the sweet voice which taught the lessons, the green corner in the Park, the bottle of milk let down from the window, the harp-music heard in the evenings when she was in bed, — all these things and many more, Pelava remembers, as the scenes of a former life in paradise. Will she retain them for life?

Lastly, there is an unmarked grave in Asia, on the frontier between the Chinese and Russian dominions. There Madame Szitelma lived for a few months. She was assigned to a peasant soldier for a wife ; but he took pity on her. He saw she was dying. They could not converse — having no common language — but he saw enough of her story ; that she was a lady ; that she was unhappy ; and, it was clear, had been a mother. She lived in silence. She saw Tartar faces, and heard only chatter that she did not understand. She witnessed brutal military discipline, and smelled spirits all the twenty-four hours round. But she feared nothing. She was past fear. She baked the black bread as long as she could stand ; and mended the coarse clothes as long as she could see to set a stitch. She lived in the past, and in that realm of thought where her husband was at the same time finding his home. In the midst of these abstractions, she one day fell asleep unawares ; and when her master returned from parade, he

found her, (a mere case of bones) lying at length upon the sand. He had her decently laid beneath it, and covered the spot with stones, for fear of the wolves.

Do our nerves ache at this story? Does our blood boil? Do we long to snatch Warsaw from the tyrant, and make a new "order" reign there? Let us think whether there be not another Warsaw, more within our power;—whether the European Warsaw is the only one where men are kidnapped and transported, and children are snatched from their parents, and women flogged, and assigned to a new husband at the pleasure of a ruler and master. Let us work for a new order of affairs in every Warsaw,—whether of the old world or the new; for the present is not to be endured, whether in the East or in the West.

Ambleside, May, 1851.

Extraits des Souvenirs Politiques.

PAR M. ARAGO,

Ancien membre du Gouvernement provisoire et Ministre de la
marine.

* * Je regrettai beaucoup de ne pouvoir dans ces premiers moments m' éclairer des avis d'un homme qui avait noblement consacré sa vie à la classe déshéritée des nègres, qui avait fait de ses besoins, de ses tendances, de ses mœurs, l'étude la plus profonde, et qui mieux est, l' étude la plus désintéressé ; mais il était absent. Son zèle ardent l' avait porté à aller au Sénégal examiner la condition des captifs ; il ne fut de retour à Paris que le 3 Mars. Dans un entretien que nous eûmes

ensemble ce même jour, M. Schoelcher me prouva qu'il fallait absolument revenir à l' idée de l'émancipation immédiate ; il me démontra que la phrase sentimentale qu'on lisait à la fin de ma lettre aux gouverneurs de nos colonies ne satisferait nullement les noirs ; que la promesse vague qu'elle contenait leur paraîtrait un leurre et que définitivement ils chercheraient à prendre par la force ce qu'on aurait dû leur accorder de bonne grâce.

Les arguments de M. Schoelcher portèrent une entière conviction dans mon esprit et je résolus de présenter à mes collègues un décret d'émancipation immédiate. Je me proposai en même tems de faire choix de M. Schoelcher avec le titre de Sous-Secrétaire d'Etat, pour m'aider dans la grande œuvre de l'abolition et de composer une commission dont je donnerais la présidence à cet éminent philanthrope, commission qui serait chargée de rédiger tous les réglemens que le régime de la liberté rendrait indispensables.

L'ensemble de ces dispositions projetées fut porté par moi le 4 Mars au gouvernement provisoire où j'obtins, non sans échapper de la part de quelques uns au reproche de précipitation et à la qualification de *casse-cou*, la signature du Décret dont la teneur suit :

PARIS, 4 MARS, 1848.

Au nom du peuple français :

Le Gouvernement Provisoire de la République, considérant que nulle terre Française ne peut plus porter d'esclaves, décrète :

Une commission est instituée auprès du Ministre de la Marine et des Colonies pour préparer dans le plus bref délai l'acte d'émancipation immédiate dans toutes les colonies de la République.

Les membres du Gouvernement Provisoire.

* * * * *

On a dit que le Gouvernement Provisoire n'avait pas eu le *droit* de prononcer l'abolition immédiate

de l' esclavage : le fait ne peut être contesté si l' on veut parler du droit strict, mais ce gouvernement, né de la nécessité, avait des *devoirs* à remplir, et qui oserait soutenir qu'au nombre de ces devoirs les plus impérieux ne devait pas figurer en première ligne l' adoption de mesures propres à préserver la vie, la propriété des colons ; à les soustraire à la torche incendiaire, arme ordinaire des nègres exaspérés par plus d' un siècle de traitemens barbares et inhumains. Si, comme je le crois, le décret du 4 Mars a contribué à faire obtenir ce résultat, je me féliciterai toute ma vie d' en avoir été le promoteur.

On a parlé de la ruine que l' acte d'émancipation a répandue sur toutes nos colonies : Je réponds que garantir la vie des colons a été et devait être notre première préoccupation. A-t-on remarqué d' ailleurs que la Martinique, la Guadeloupe, etc., étaient dans un état commercial déplorable longtems avant la révolution de Février ; que la tribune de la chambre des Députés reten-

tissait chaque jour de leurs doléances ; que des mesures extrêmes et de tout point inadmissibles étaient sans cesse proposées ; enfin que le travail libre s'est substitué au travail forcé sans trop de résistance et a donné des résultats assez favorables, qui ne pourront manquer de s'améliorer lorsque la conduite des autorités ne permettra plus de croire à un retour vers un passé désormais impossible.

En résumé, l'acte d'émancipation a tranché pacifiquement l'une des questions les plus compliquées que présentait notre état social et il sera, je pense, l'un des principaux titres du gouvernement républicain de Février à la considération de nos neveux.

Paris, Mai, 1851.

Passages from "Political Reminiscences."

[An unpublished work.]

BY M. ARAGO.

Formerly member of the Provisional Government and Minister of Marine.

* * I regretted extremely that I could not, in those first moments, be instructed by the opinions of one who had nobly devoted his life to the out-cast race of the negroes, who had made their wants, their dispositions, their manners, the objects of his most profound and (what is better) of his most disinterested study ; but he was absent. His ardent zeal had carried him to Senegal, to examine the condition of the captives there ; he did not

return to Paris until the third of March. In a conversation we had together on that very day, M. Schœlcher proved to me that it was absolutely necessary to return to the idea of immediate emancipation; he demonstrated to me that the sentimental phrase which rounded my letter to the Governors of our colonies would in no wise satisfy the blacks; that the vague promise it contained would seem to them a snare, and that, in point of fact, they would seek to seize by violence what ought to be granted to them of free grace.

The arguments of M. Schœlcher carried entire conviction to my mind, and I determined to present to my colleagues a decree of Immediate Emancipation. I contemplated at the same time to make choice of M. Schœlcher, with the title of Under Secretary of State, to assist me in the great work of Abolition, and to appoint a Commission, the presidency of which I should bestow upon this eminent philanthropist, a Commission which should be charged with the preparation of the regulations

which the *régime* of Liberty should make indispensably necessary.

These plans, thus projected, were laid by me in a body before the Provisional Government on the 4th of March, and I obtained from it, not without incurring from some of them the reproach of rashness and the epithet of *casse-cou*, the signature of the Decree, the tenor of which is as follows :—

“ PARIS, 4 March, 1848.

In the name of the French People :

The Provisional Government of the Republic, considering that no French territory can longer endure Slaves, Decrees :

A Commission is appointed, under the direction of the Minister of Marine and the Colonies, to prepare with the least possible delay an act of immediate emancipation in all the colonies of the Republic.

The members of the Provisional Government.”

* * * * *

It has been said that the Provisional Government had not the *right* to decree the immediate abolition of Slavery. This position cannot be controverted, if strict right be all that is intended. But that Government, born of necessity, had *duties* to fulfill. And who would dare to maintain that among the most imperative of those duties, the very first rank should not be assigned to the adoption of measures necessary to preserve the lives, the property, of the colonists, — to snatch them from the incendiary torch, the usual weapon of negroes exasperated by more than one century of barbarous and inhuman treatment? If, as I believe, the Decree of the 4th of March has contributed to bring about this result, I shall congratulate myself as long as I live for having been its mover.

Much has been said of the ruin which the act of emancipation has scattered over all our colonies. I reply that to secure the lives of our colonists has

been and must be our first, our most pressing duty. Let it be observed, too, that Martinique, Guadeloupe, etc., were in a deplorable commercial condition for a long time previous to the Revolution of February; that the tribune of the Chamber of Deputies resounded daily with their lamentations; that extreme and utterly inadmissible measures were continually proposed; and, finally, that free labor has taken the place of Slave labor without much resistance, and has been attended with sufficiently favorable results which cannot fail to grow better, when the course of the authorities shall have forbidden the thought of a return to a Past, henceforth impossible.

To sum up the whole, the act of emancipation cut peacefully one of the most complicated questions which our social state afforded, and it will be, I believe, one of the chief titles of the republican government of February to the approval of posterity.

Paris, May, 1851.

The Slave.

BY THE REV. EDWIN CHAPMAN.

FULL fed, well-cared for, thoughtless of to-morrow,
The favored Slave may sing, and dance, and
laugh,

And the full cup of sensual pleasure quaff ;
Nor heed the pangs of those who pine in sorrow,
Who can no hope from calm endurance borrow ;
For their dear life is doomed, in fields away
From all who could their fleeting spirits stay.

Caressed and fondled for her ebon beauty,
Wanton and shameless, conscious of her power
To charm amid the dalliance of the bower,

And half mistaking yieldingness for duty,
The poor degraded girl may lightly buy
 The first experience of a mother's throes,
 The antecedents of unnumbered woes.

But not fair sunshine on foul stagnant pools,
 Not worthy honors heaped on worthless men,
 Not waving trees hiding some savage den,
Not good and simple men made willing tools
Of the world's hypocrites — its solemn fools —
 Do call forth loathing half so strong and deep
 As Slavery smiling in polluted sleep.

Wearied and worn, oppressed with hated toil,
 Conscious of knowledge hidden from his sight,
 Of darkness to which no man bringeth light,
Of wounds uncleansed by wine, unsoothed by oil,
Of chains which bind him to a tyrant's soil,
 Of passions foul, unbridled, proud and stern,
 Which lustful now, now vengeful, fiercely burn ;

The Slave may groan and curse, may plot, and
vow

Such vows as Heaven alone can register
And not condemn : — the mother's heart may
stir

With feelings dead within her soul till now,
And clouds may darken her late wanton brow
To think that those whom she has borne in pain,
Her gifts from God, but swell her master's gain ;

But in their deepest woe, their loudest wail,
In all the treasured hatred of their breasts
Where, as its home, blackness of darkness rests,
In all the stormy passions which assail
Their prisoned mind, is proof, of large avail,
That the deep Spirit of their wildest cry
Is for man's holiest birthright — Liberty.

Escaped and free, by his own courage saved,
Or purchased for himself with his own gold
For which he nightly anxious labor sold ;

Each barrier overleaped, each danger braved,
His feet firm planted on the strand where waved
The flag of Freedom, and her children thronged
To welcome to their hearts the foully wronged ;

The Slave, become a man, may proudly swell
With his new-found emotions, he may stand,
With ever-open lips and outstretched hand,
His tale of woe, and rage, and hate to tell :
How he was tortured, as by fiends of hell ;
How, while he yet was tracked with savage zeal,
He grasped, with purpose stern, the ready steel ;

But gentler thoughts soon soothe his manly breast,
To present duty, blithe, he turns his view,
And the fair race of life begins anew ; —
Toil now is hallowed — holy too is rest —
Now the free woman looks, with cheerful quest,
Into her children's eyes — they too are free —
And her full heart rests, gracious God, on thee !

Bristol, England, October, 1851.

Faith in Human Brotherhood.

BY WILLIAM I. BOWDITCH.

FAITH in the brotherhood of the human race. We do not mean any merely speculative assent to a verbal proposition, but that *living* faith, which manifests itself in *works* in behalf of others. Nothing can be conceived more utterly dead and worthless than faith without works. We may have faith enough to be able to remove mountains of oppression, but if we neglect to raise up the oppressed, we are as worthless as any stick or stone on the face of the earth.

Eighteen centuries ago, Christ said, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" — "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another as I have loved you." By the parable of the Good Samaritan, he taught that every human being who needs our assistance is our neighbor, and entitled to that help. Indeed nothing can be named, which is a more distinctive mark of all his teachings than this, — that it is our duty to aid whomsoever needs our aid, no matter what manner of man he is — be he Jew or Gentile, Christian or Pagan, bond or free, rich or poor, good or bad. Every suffering or wronged man simply because he is a man, is entitled to our sympathy with his sufferings and wrongs, and our active aid in his behalf. And we are utterly unworthy the Christian name, if we fail to improve our opportunities for extending this sympathy and assistance, even though we build magnificent churches, and conduct our religious services with all the accompaniments which art can impart to them of beauty and im-

pressiveness. What will our beautiful temples profit us, so long as we suffer man, who is the only real temple of the living God, to lie crushed and trodden under foot? What will it profit us, that every seventh day we unite in those magnificent chants, which lift the soul to heaven, and call on God to be merciful to us miserable sinners, if on the other six days, we aid in capturing or returning a Fugitive Slave, or refuse aid from our abundance to those who need it? Surely it is more divinely beautiful to give than to receive, and yet we are so constituted, that then only do we truly receive blessings when we attempt to give them to others. God aids and blesses us only when and as we strive to aid and bless others. We are to love those who need our love, whether they receive us or reject us. We are to do good to those who stand in need of our help, whether they recognize us as friends or not. We are to work manfully against wrong and oppression of every kind, whether we are

called practical men or fanatics. Let it be our constant endeavor to lay

“ — just hands on that golden key
That opes the palace of eternity,”

and we shall reap a sure reward in our own souls. No reformer ever lived, we care not how wretched his life, or lingering his death, who did not receive more real blessings than injuries. The undying love which thrilled through the soul of Christ, when he said “ Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do,” outweighed even the sufferings of the cross.

As no one, from an examination of the *actual* succession of the kings of England, would ever infer the *real* rule of succession, so no one from an examination of the institutions of Christendom would for an instant suppose that the noblest and most fundamental principle of Christ was the brotherhood of man. We do not deny, on the contrary, we are glad to find in every nation insti-

tutions which embody more or less of this principle. Even the most heartlessly devised or wickedly executed system of poor laws recognizes the principle, — whilst our numerous asylums for the sick, and insane, and reform schools for young criminals, develop it in a considerable degree. Even a penitentiary, when under the control of such humane men as Mr. Holloway, the warden of the Eastern Penitentiary in Pennsylvania, is made to exhibit in some considerable measure the Christian idea of asylums for the morally insane. We are rejoiced to see these and similar institutions in every nation; but they manifestly constitute the exception, and not the rule of the character of the institutions of Christendom. Else why are they everywhere considered as marks of preeminent goodness, instead of being merely right, as they would be said to be if they were regarded as conforming to the common daily experience of Christendom, and in other matters?

The principle of brotherhood necessarily implies

coöperation — necessarily excludes its opposite — competition. We are to coöperate with one another. We are to secure our individual happiness and physical comfort by such means, and such means *only*, as tend to secure the happiness and physical comfort of those around us. We have no right to secure our own well-being by trampling on the rights of others. This is the only true principle — the necessary result of the teaching of Christ. This should form the very corner-stone of the civil institutions of Christendom. The laws of a Christian State should be so framed that the well-being of the individual should be identical with the well-being of the mass of the community. Now we will not ask what Christian State has ever dreamed of doing anything like this ; but only, what Christian Nation has not adopted precisely the contrary principle as its most fundamental maxim of government ? Competition — heartless, soul destroying competition — is the very life of Christian commerce, and of all commercial laws.

“What’s one man’s loss is another man’s gain,”* is constantly on our lips or in our hearts. As if we could *really* gain anything by availing ourselves of the necessities of our brother. We may take advantage of the over supply of laborers to reduce their wages almost to starvation point, or compel them to work like brutes, and still do nothing more than the laws of Christendom not only tolerate, but sooner or later, necessitate. So long as manufacturers and traders must rely for their profits on the ability to undersell their neighbors, so long will men, women and children be converted into wages Slaves in the factories and mines in England. Similar results must of necessity follow even here, at some future day, when our laboring population becomes equally dense.†

* Very recently, during a severe money pressure, news came of the devastating fires in San Francisco, whereby hundreds of families were driven from their homes, and millions of property destroyed. A mercantile acquaintance said to me “the fire will *benefit us*—whatever hurts them will help us”!

† It now costs on an average, only a little more than seven cents a

But we need not go abroad to find examples of the repudiation by a Christian State of this most vital principle of Christianity. What country has greater advantages of every kind than our own? Do we not make it our especial boast that we possess a larger share of civil and religious freedom than any other nation? Have we not almost every clime that the sun shines on, and in inexhaustible profusion, every means requisite to the gratification of our physical wants? And yet here, in this land of promise, the refuge of the oppressed of all nations save one, not our laws only, not the acts of our Congress merely, but the very framework of government itself, our fundamental Constitution

day, or \$25 a year to feed an adult Slave. Henry Clay (Letter to Thompson Hankey, Esq., of London, May 10, 1851,) declares it to be his opinion "long and deliberately entertained," that "Slavery will cease whenever, by the increase of the white population, free white labor can be procured *cheaper* than that of the blacks"! In other words, his only hope of abolishing the Slavery of the blacks rests in being able to brutalize the white laborer below even the present Slave level! Henry Clay is a Christian by profession, and one of our idols, and this is the nineteenth century since Christ taught, lived and died!

openly repudiates this teaching of Christ, this deepest conviction of the human heart. Not only this, but if, after so base an apostacy, we may believe Daniel Webster, the preservation of our own blessings depends on our continuing to aid in crushing our fellow-men ! Republican liberty dependent for its very existence upon the meanest of despotisms ! Chattel Slavery, the corner-stone of the Republic ! Let no one say that this evil of Slavery is only a *slight* stain on our Constitution. It is ingrained in its very texture. The most fundamental of all our constitutional rights, — the one upon the exercise of which *all* other of the constitutional provisions rest, and the very existence of the government depends, namely, the right of representation, is so framed, that Slaveholders, *solely* because they have thus trampled under foot the idea of human brotherhood, have more political power on the floor of Congress than the same number of men who refuse thus to crush their fellows. And the experience of the last sixty

years has shown us, that mainly by the influence given them by this provision, a mere handful of Slaveholding voters, not now one hundred thousand in number, can control the destinies of a nation of twenty-three millions ! We have also pledged the entire physical strength of the nation to keep the Slave in his fetters. Boston merchants of the highest respectability tendered their services to the Marshal to aid him in carrying back Thomas Sims into Slavery ! It matters not whether the Fugitive asks of us in the name of Christ, whose followers we profess to be, that we will do unto him as we would have him do unto us in like circumstances, we "conquer our prejudices" in obedience to the Constitution. We boast that as a nation we possess the largest share of religious freedom. Here, therefore, if anywhere, we ought to find the widest recognition of Christian truth. And yet here we find the most glaring repudiation of it !

But this repudiation of the teachings of Christ is not confined to the civil institutions of Christ-

endom, it extends to the religious institutions also. Christ had not where to lay his head, and forbade the use of force even in his own defence. The highest earthly representative of Christ lives in a palace, and never walks abroad but he is surrounded by guards ! Christ directed his disciples to take no money in their purses, but it costs more than ninety millions of dollars every year to support his disciples of the present day ! The archbishops and bishops of the English Protestant Church are said to receive every year \$1,485,575, or on an average \$59,423 apiece, while all around their palaces is squalid wretchedness and brutality. We have seen it stated, and have never seen it denied, that some of the revenue of the Bishop of London is derived from the rent of houses which are occupied as brothels ! But here again we need not go out of our own country to find the most flagrant repudiation of Christianity by those whose profession it is, not only to preach it in its purity but to carry out their teachings into practice. Where

will you find more studied defences of Slavery than in the works of some of our ministers, northern as well as southern. It matters not which sect you choose, — taken as a body they are all alike, either open defenders of the Christianity of Slaveholding, or equally firm supporters of it, by fellowshiping as good Christians those who do thus defend it. The Unitarian, Theodore Clapp, of New Orleans, who speaks of “God dealing in Slaves,” stands on the same platform as Moses Stuart, the Orthodox ex-professor of Andover. The Unitarian, Orville Dewey, of New York, who is willing to send his mother or his son into Slavery, in order to save the Union, though (stern moralist that he is) he would not tell a lie or worship idols,* to save the world, takes by the hand, an

* Some men worship the Constitution of the United States as really and truly as in olden times the golden calf was worshipped. Idolatry does not consist in worshipping sticks and stones merely, but every one is an idolater who wickedly reverences any of man's works, be that work intellectual, moral, or material. Every man who repudiates the notion of a higher law than the Constitution, is as much

elder, though not a better soldier in the cause of Slavery, the Right Rev. Bishop Meade, of Virginia, who orally instructs the Slaves that they have great cause to bless God for making them Slaves, because thereby he helps them towards heaven! The Right Rev. Bishop Ives, of North Carolina, who has devised that admirable little catechism for Slaves, so that they may be taught "the truth as it is in Jesus, without their knowing a letter of the alphabet," having long since "ceased to wail over the imaginary sufferings" of the Slaves, can take with cordiality the outstretched hand of the Rev. Dr. Gannett, of Boston, who thinks he serves his Father in heaven by refusing shelter to a Fugitive Slave! And if it be true that the income of the Bishop of London depends in any degree upon the flourishing condition of a most debasing vice, the worldly prospects

an idolater as if he prostrated himself daily before the Grand Llama, or adored the seamless coat at Treves, with the adoration he would give to God himself.

of thousands of the ministers and members of Protestant churches in the United States depend on the flourishing condition of Slavery, for they own and work as Slaves over six hundred and fifty thousand human beings, worth not less than three hundred millions of dollars ! How different from the spiritual morality of Christ's teaching, who condemned even the thought of wrong-doing, is the practice of these, his American disciples, who for the sake of gain make brutes of over half a million of their brothers, compelling them to live in a state of utter ignorance, denying them the right of marriage, denying them even the privilege of owning a Bible, though at the same time they are spending millions of dollars to send that same book to those of the heathen of other lands, the color of whose *skin* shows that they have *souls* worth saving !

We thus see that the nations of Christendom, and ours among the rest, utterly repudiate, in their civil and religious institutions, the sublime doctrine

of Christianity—the brotherhood of the human family. The Church has, it is true, a doctrine that certain persons are “brethren in Christ,” but as Sandy Mackaye says, “they don’t mean *brothers* at a’, they say brethern. And then jist limit it down wi’ a ‘in Christ,’ for fear o’ owre wide applications, and a’ that”! This noble principle it is, which rests at the foundation of the Anti-Slavery movement. In the Slave, we see a suffering brother, who needs our sympathy and aid. We recognize in the Slaveholder, also, a brother who is wronging his own nature; and to him also our sympathy and aid is due. We will endeavor to convince the master of the enormous wrong of Slaveholding. We will sympathize in his trials, and will do all in our power to aid him in freeing himself from the moral contamination of the institution. We will endeavor in every just way to aid the Slave. We will sympathize with him in his wrongs, and will do all in our power to aid him to become a free man, with capacity to lead a manly

life. Christendom rejects one of the noblest principles of the religion of Christ. On it we have planted ourselves, and, secure in the truth of our principle, we are willing to work on with patience. May it be one of the pleasant memories in our departing hour, that we have, according to the light and strength given to us, fought the good fight. Whatever else we may abandon, may our faith in human brotherhood remain unshaken to the last. And may it never be that dead husk of doctrine, but may it be that living, active faith, which shall strew our path through life with the blessings of the poor and the oppressed. Of this we may be sure, that in proportion as our exertions are unselfish we shall secure to ourselves that peace of mind which the world can neither give nor take away.

Linden Place, Brookline, September, 1851.

The Olive Tree.

BY HENRIETTA SARGENT.

O sacred Type ! thou stood'st the shock
When all the forest's pride
Floated uptorn, and many a rock
The deluge could not bide.

Thy branches bent but did not break,
When waves were o'er thee borne ;
The raging storm thy leaves might shake,
Not one was lost or torn.

When the great fountains of the deep
Were stopped, and from the ground

The whelming waters were assuaged —

The Ark a resting found ;

Then from the surge thy beauteous head

Rose "straightway" fresh and fair,

And forth the Dove, divinely led,

Found a sweet solace there.

So, when from Jordan's sacred stream

Came up the Holy One,

From high the Spirit lit on Him,

While God proclaimed His Son !

One healing leaf plucked off from thee,

That back the swift Dove bore,

Dispelled the doubts, confirmed the faith,

The Patriarch owned before.

"How blest the Messengers of good !

How beauteous are their feet" !

No other tenant of the wood

Was for this errand meet.

And none beside poured out their blood

(Of all the wingéd race,)

Before the altar of the Lord,

That Man might there find grace !

That Holy Unction, that possess'd

The power to sanctify,

Was formed of Oil derived from Thee,

And spice from Araby !

No Priest could offer sacrifice,

No King could wear his crown,

Till from his head this compound rare,

O'er all his robes " ran down."

Oh ! Type divine ! when rain and dew

To Israel were denied,

The Widow's cruse, thy glad'ning Oil,

By Heaven's decree, supplied.

The holiest offices were thine ;

Like Cherubims of God

Within the Oracle divine
To minister his word.

For entrance to the holiest
Thou wert the mystic door,
Carved with palm trees, and open flowers,
And Cherubims all o'er.

The Prophet saw with glad surprise
In vision true revealed,
The second Temple glorious rise,
With Grace till then concealed ;

There seven bright Lamps by Thee supplied
With Light, excelling shone,
Above what Nature's truths reveal,
Derived from Heaven alone :

Appointed to a ransomed world
Salvation to declare,
Well might thy Two anointed ones
Thy chosen semblance bear !

“ Where’er it lists the wind will blow,”
Like God’s renewing grace —
Denied the haughty sons of earth —
Shines in the meek ones’ face !

Then let the Priest and Levite pass —
They had no power to give
That unction from the Holy One
That bids the dying live.

Despised and scorned of men, he came
Who brought a copious store,
Of mystic Wine and sacred Oil
In the pierced heart to pour.

Thus healed, the Soul no fear can know,
Though savage beasts assail,
Though called to face a giant foe —
Or pass through death’s dark vale.

Touched by thy power the child of sin,
Sought her loved Lord with care,

Washed with her tears his "beauteous feet,"
And wiped them with her hair.

And kissed them oft, and when she shed
Her box of ointment pure
Upon her Lord's devoted head,
He spoke her pardon sure.

The sacred record of her love,
" Her work aforehand done,"
That for his burying prepared
The holy, harmless one ;

Where'er the Gospel is proclaimed
This record shall be read,
And many a sinner weep and pray,
By her example led.

Touched by that power, the warrior's sword,
The ploughshare's form shall take,
Mercy and Truth combined appear,
Each cruel yoke to break.

Beauty for ashes then be given, —
For grief, the Oil of joy, —
Chains from the toil-worn Slave be riven,
And Sin no more alloy.

'T was Jesse's Godlike Son compared
The Righteous man to Thee,
Renowned type of Light and Life !
Thou fair "Green Olive Tree !"

Boston, September, 1851.

The Like and the Different.

BY THEODORE PARKER.

A few months ago, the Right Honorable W. E. Gladstone, the member of the British Parliament for Oxford, published "Two Letters to the Earl of Aberdeen on the State Prosecutions of the Neapolitan Government." Mr. Gladstone appears to be one of the most conservative Commoners in England ; and he writes, if I mistake not, to one of the most conservative of the Lords. The letters have filled England with amazement. The work was published last July, and it is now the twenty-fourth of October while I write ; but ten editions have already been exhausted in England, and the

eleventh has had time to travel three thousand miles, and find its way to my desk.

Mr. Gladstone makes some disclosures which have astonished the simplicity of Father England. He accuses the Government of Naples, in its treatment of those accused of political offences, of "an outrage upon religion, upon civilization, upon humanity, and upon decency." What is more, he abundantly substantiates his accusation by details so horrible, that he thinks they will not be credited by his countrymen; for the actual wickedness of the Neapolitan Government surpasses all that Englishmen had thought it possible for malice to invent, or tyranny to inflict.

Here are some of the matters of fact, of a general nature. "It is not mere imperfection, not ambition in low quarters, not occasional severity, that I am about to describe; it is an incessant, systematic, deliberate violation of the law by the power appointed to watch over and maintain it. It is such violation of human and written law as this,

carried on for the purpose of violating every other law, unwritten and eternal, human or divine."

"It is the awful profanation of public religion, by its notorious alliance, in the governing powers, with the violation of every moral law, under the stimulant of fear and vengeance." "The effect of all this is total inversion of all the moral and social ideas. Law, instead of being respected, is odious. Force, and not affection, is the foundation of government. The governing power is clothed with all the vices for its attributes."

He thinks there are not less than twenty thousand prisoners for political offences, locked up in jail; between four and five hundred were to be tried for their lives on the fifteenth of May. Of one hundred and forty Deputies who formed the Legislative Assembly, in 1849, seventy-six had been arrested, or had fled into exile.

The law of Naples requires that "personal liberty shall be inviolable, except under a warrant from a Court of Justice, authorized for the pur-

pose." But in defiance of this law, the Government watches and dogs the people; pays domiciliary visits very unceremoniously at night; ransacks houses; seizes papers; imprisons men by the score, — by the hundred, — by the thousand, — without any warrant whatever, sometimes without any written authority at all, or anything beyond the word of a policeman."

After the illegal arrest, the trial is long delayed, — sometimes more than two years. "Every effort is made to concoct a charge, by the perversion and partial production of real evidence; and, this failing, the resort is to perjury and forgery. The miserable creatures, to be found in most communities, who are ready to sell the liberty and life of fellow subjects for gain, and throw their own souls into the bargain, are deliberately employed by the Executive power to depose, according to their instructions, against the men whom it is thought desirable to ruin." If the defendant has counter evidence, he is not allowed to produce it in court.

Here are matters of fact of a more particular nature. The filth of the prisons is beastly. The doctors never visit the prisoners. Three or four hundred prisoners "all slept in a long, low, vaulted room, having no light except from a single and very moderate sized grating at one end."

From December 7th, 1850, to February 3rd, 1851, Signor Pironte, a gentleman who had been a judge, was shut up in a cell "about eight feet square, below the level of the ground, with no light except a grating at the top of the wall, out of which he could not see." This was in the city of Naples.

Signor Carlo Poerio, formerly a minister of the Court, was illegally arrested, thrown into jail, and kept for seven or eight months in total ignorance of the offence charged against him. At length he was accused of belonging to a party which did not exist. He was tried by a special court. The only evidence against him was that of a hired and worthless informer of the government; even that

was inconsistent, contradictory, and of no value. Of course, Signor Poerio was found guilty. He was sentenced to twenty-four years imprisonment in irons. He and sixteen others were confined in the Bagno of Nisida, in a cell about thirteen feet by ten, and ten feet high. When the beds were let down for these seventeen men, there was no space between them. The prisoners were chained in pairs, with irons that weigh about thirty-three pounds to each man. The chains are never taken off. The food is bread, and a soup so nauseous that only famine can force it down the throat.

To justify itself, the Government has published a "Philosophical Catechism for the use of Schools," which teaches the theory which the authorities practice. It declares that the prince is not bound to keep the constitution when it "impugns the right of sovereignty" of himself. "Whenever the people may have proposed a condition which impairs the sovereignty, [the arbitrary power of the king,] and when the prince may have promised

to observe it, that proposal is an absurdity, that promise is null." "It is the business of the Sovereign" "to decide when the promise is null." This catechism, which seeks to justify the perjury of a monarch, and announces the theory of crime, is published by authority, and in the name of "the Most Holy and Almighty God, the Trinity in Unity."

The disclosures in Mr. Gladstone's letters filled England with horror. Even Naples fears the public opinion of Europe, and the Neapolitan Government became alarmed. Some attempts have been made by its officials, it is said, to deny the facts. The British thought them too bad to be true.

Yet the Government of Naples is not wholly inaccessible to mercy. For Mr. Morris, the American minister at Naples, becoming interested in a young man, Signor Domenico Nostromarina, confined in the island of Capri for some alleged political offence, asked his pardon of the king, and it was granted.

The American Declaration of Independence announces it as self-evident, that all men are created equal, and with certain unalienable rights, and amongst them the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness ; and the design of Government is to secure those rights.

The Constitution of Massachusetts provides that "Every person has a right to be secure from all unreasonable searches and seizures of his person," and "all warrants therefor are contrary to this right, if the cause or foundation of them be not previously supported by oath or affirmation." But, in September, 1851, more than fifty persons were seized by the creatures of the city government of Boston, with no warrant, not for the purpose of a trial, and were publicly exhibited, by the marshal of the city, to the mob who came to stare at them.

In April, 1851, an officer in the pay of the city of Boston, with no warrant, seized Thomas Simms, then an inhabitant of that city, on a false

pretence, by night, and brought him before a subaltern officer of the General Government of the United States. He was confined in a court house belonging to one of the counties of Massachusetts, which was, for the time, converted into a jail for his detention, contrary to the law of the State. Officers acting under the laws of Massachusetts, and subject to its penalties, aided in kidnapping and detaining this unfortunate man, though the law of Massachusetts forbid such conduct on their part.

At the request of Mr. Simms, I visited him in his place of confinement, where he was guarded by about a dozen men who were in the same room with him. One of them had a drawn sword in his hand. I learned some facts from him which need not be repeated here.

After what was called a trial, before a single man, and he a creature of the government, who was to be paid twice as much for deciding against his prisoner as for him, a trial conducted without "due form of law," Mr. Simms was sentenced to

bondage for his natural life. Yet he was accused of no offence, except that of escaping from those who had stolen him from himself, and claimed his labor and his limbs as theirs.

When he was to be carried off, and delivered to his tormentors, fifteen hundred citizens of Boston volunteered to conduct the victim of illegal tyranny out of the State, and deliver him up to the men who had taken him at first. Some of these volunteers were said to be men of property and standing in the town.

A brigade of soldiers, since called "The Simms Brigade," was called out at the expense of the city, and by direction of its magistrates, and kept under arms day and night, to aid in violating the laws of Massachusetts, and profaning the laws of God. Their head-quarters were in what was once called the "Cradle of Liberty," in Faneuil Hall.

The court-house was surrounded by chains for several days, and guarded by mercenaries of the

city, hired for the purpose, and armed with bludgeons. I counted forty-four of these men on guard at the same time. They molested and turned back men who had business in the courthouse, but admitted any "gentleman from the South." The Judges of the State Courts stooped and crouched down, and crawled under the chain, to go, emblematically, to their places.

A portion of the city police, armed with swords, was drilled one day in a public square, and the movements of the awkward squad were a little ridiculous to such as had never seen British clowns under a drill serjeant. One of the by-standers laughed, and the chief police officer on the station threatened to lock him up in a jail if he laughed again.

The mayor of the city rose, soberly, and with two or three hundred of the police of the city, armed with bludgeons and swords, in the darkest hour of the night, took their victim, weeping, out of his jail. Some benevolent men furnished

him with clothes for his voyage. He was then conducted by this crew of kidnappers through the principal street of the city to a vessel waiting to receive him. As he went on board, he burst into tears, and exclaimed, "This is Massachusetts liberty!" Several of the inhabitants of the city attended their victim to Savannah, in Georgia, whence he had fled away. There they were honored with a public entertainment given by the citizens of that place.

Their victim was conducted to jail, and severely flogged. He was not allowed to see his mother, or any other relative. It was afterwards related that his master, still keeping him in jail, ordered him to be tortured every day with a certain number of lashes on his bare back, but once offered to remit a part of the torture on condition that he should ask pardon for running away: he refused, and took the blows. But one day, the jail-doctor, finding the man feeble and daily failing, told the master his Slave was too unwell to bear that torture. The

master said, "Damn him, give him the lashes if he dies!" and the lashes fell.

Since that time I have heard nothing of Mr. Simms; the *oubliettes* of Savannah have closed over him, and no one has told the story of his end. Some of the "religious" newspapers of the North have informed their readers that his master is "an excellent Christian."

Mr. Simms was a smart, dashing young fellow, of some one or two and twenty years. He had a wife at Savannah, (handsome, and nearly white,) not belonging to his master, it is said. After his escape to Boston, he informed her of his hiding-place. She was the concubine of a white man, and told him her husband's secret. He informed the master, and at his direction, with some witnesses hired for the purpose, came to Boston in search of the runaway. By the illegal measures of the city government of Boston, the Slave-hunter secured his object and returned home. In Boston, a dealer in goods for the Southern market,

a rich man, entertained the Slave-hunter and his crew while there, took them to ride in a coach, and gave them a costly supper at one of the principal hotels in the city.

The last legal effort to save the man from the terrible punishment which the Bostonians were desirous of inflicting upon him, was made by a distinguished citizen of this State, before the circuit Judge. I shall not now tell all I know about the matter here; but when the Judge decided against his victim, and thus cut off his last hope, the sentence was received by the rich and mercantile audience that crowded the courthouse with applause and the clapping of hands.

The leading citizens of Boston rejoiced at the transaction and its result. Some of them publicly mocked at all efforts made in behalf of the unfortunate man who had been kidnapped. The commercial and political newspapers of the city gave expression to the common joy, that an inhabitant of Boston had, for the first time for many years,

and at the expense of the city, been doomed to eternal bondage by the authorities of the place. It was thought trade would improve; and it is now stated that Boston has had more Southern "patronage," since the kidnapping of Simms, than in any previous six months since the adoption of the Constitution.

The leading clergy of the town were also deeply delighted at the success of this kidnapping; several of them, in their pulpit services, expressed their approbation of the deed, and gave God thanks, in their public prayers, that the Fugitive Slave Law had been executed in Boston. One of them, the most prominent clergyman in the city, declared, in private, that if a Fugitive should seek shelter of him, "I would drive him away from my own door." Another had previously declared, in public, that he would send his own mother into Slavery to keep the law. At a subsequent period, the President of the United States, in his visit to

Boston, congratulated the authorities of the State on this execution of his law.

The laws of Massachusetts are flagrantly violated in Boston ; especially the usury laws and the license law. At this moment there are, probably, at least a thousand places in the city where liquor is publicly sold in violation of the law. It is notorious that even the Banks daily violate the usury law. These are matters of continual occurrence. But, last spring, a citizen of Boston was assassinated, in broad day-light, in Haymarket Square. The assassin was well known, but he has not been arrested. The city government has, as yet, offered no public reward for his apprehension. It is rumored that the man was murdered by one whom he had complained of for violating the license law.

The Fugitive Slave Law drove into exile about four or five hundred inhabitants of Boston in less than a year. They had committed no crime,

except to believe themselves the owners of their own bodies, and act on that belief.

Several Unitarian clergymen have been driven from their parishes in consequence of opposing that law. It has been proclaimed by the most eminent politicians of the nation, that there is no law higher than the statutes of Congress. Prominent clergymen assent to the doctrine. Thus the negation of God is made the first principle of politics. In a certain town, in Massachusetts, the names of all anti-Slavery men are rejected from the list of jurors. Some of the leading commercial newspapers of Boston advise men not to employ such as are opposed to the Fugitive Slave Law.

Many clergymen declare that Slavery is a Christian institution; some of great eminence, — as men estimate clerical eminence, — have undertaken to support and justify it out of the Bible. Several wealthy citizens of Boston are known to own Slaves at this moment; they buy them and sell them. There is one who has made a large

fortune by stealing men on the coast of Africa, and thence carrying Slaves to America. In Boston it is respectable to buy and sell men, — the Slave-hunter, the kidnapper, is an “honorable man,” — even the defender of kidnapping and Slave-hunting is respected and beloved, while the Philanthropist, who liberates bondmen, is held in abhorrence. The blacks are driven from the public schools by a law of the city. There is a church in which colored men are not allowed to buy a pew. They are not permitted to enter the schools of theology or of medicine. They are shut out from our colleges. In some places they are not allowed to be buried with white men. An episcopal church, in New York, holds a cemetery on this condition, that “they shall not suffer any colored person to be buried in any part of the same.” A presbyterian church advertised that in its grave-yard “neither negroes nor executed felons” should ever be buried there. No sect opposes Slavery; no prominent sectarian. The popular religion of New England teaches that

it is Christian to buy Slaves, sell Slaves, and make Slaves. "Slavery, as it exists at the present day," says an "eminent divine," "is agreeable to the order of divine providence."

One of the newspapers in Boston, on the 10th of October, 1851, speaking of the Abolitionists and Liberty party men, says: "Such traitors should every one be *garrotted*," — strangled to death. Another, of the same date, says that Mr. Webster's "wonderful labors in behalf of the Constitution" "have vindicated his claim to the highest title yet bestowed upon man." The Church and the State alike teach that though the law of God may be binding on Him, it is of no validity before an act of Congress.

America is a Republic; and Millard Fillmore is by "accident," President of the United States of America. Naples is a Monarchy; and Ferdinand is, by the "grace of God," King. Such is the Different; oh, reader, behold the Like!

Boston, October, 1851.

Cadiz.

BY MARIA LOWELL.

WE saw fair Cadiz gleam out gradually,
White, as if builded of the foam of ocean,
White as a bride, with orange blossoms free
Scattered upon her, and it seemed to me
Her sweet breath met us with the wind's least
motion.

And by her side a cloudy mountain rose,
Its top enfolding soft a purple tower,
Such shapes sometimes our new world sunset
shows,
But thou, old mountain, on thy sides still flower
The very blooms of poor Xarifa's bower.

And, from thy purple turrets leaning low,
Thy course is seen, O shining Guadalquiver
Rushing toward the sea, its waves to strew
With leaves of old romance,
And blend with ocean's flow
Fresh sighs for youth and beauty gone forever.

Fade once again on the horizon's rim,
Take back the vision and the sweet emotion,
O lovely Cadiz, bride so fair and dim !
Drained is the cup thou fill'dst me to the brim,
And dropped within the bluest wave of ocean.

At Sea off Cadiz, August 1st, 1851.

The Virginia Maroons.

BY EDMUND JACKSON.

IN the West India islands, but more especially in Jamaica, Cuba and St. Domingo, during the reign of Slavery, it was common for Fugitive Slaves to seek shelter and security in the mountainous and secluded portions of those islands, where they congregated in small communities, and maintained their freedom at the cost of much privation and, probably, frequent suffering. They were at constant war with the planters, and were hunted with as little mercy as are the royal tigers in the jungles of Bengal. They not unfrequently, however, retaliated upon their persecutors the same

measure of vengeance which was meted out to themselves.

Hunting the Maroons, as they were termed, was a matter of common occurrence, when their depredations upon any particular locality became troublesome; for their notions of *meum* and *tuum* were, of course, very similar to those of their slaveholding teachers. Such was the state of things in Jamaica previous to emancipation, and such is now substantially the case, I apprehend, in Cuba, and, indeed, in all slaveholding communities. It is not, I think, generally known, however, that our Southern States contain many communities of greater or less numbers, very similar to those of Jamaica and Cuba, though not designated by the name of Maroons, but as "gangs of runaway negroes."

The Atlantic slaveholding States, where these gangs are most frequent, do not afford any mountainous regions to which the Fugitive can resort and set at nought the efforts of his pursuers. Neces-

sity, however, here as elsewhere is the mother of invention ; and in lieu of almost inaccessible mountainous regions, the Fugitive avails himself of the numerous and extensive swamps and low grounds which abound in the old and many of the newer Slave States.

These swamps are, for the most part, submerged with water the year round, but contain many islands of dry land, slightly elevated above high water mark ; and here the Fugitive erects his hut, cultivates, to the best of his very limited means, patches of corn and sweet potatoes, and not unfrequently rears a large family of children. Occasionally, when necessity presses hard, he makes a foray by night upon the nearest plantation or settlement, and helps himself without leave asked or granted. When, however, they seek refuge in swamps of small dimensions and not difficult to penetrate, they are frequently hunted out and captured or slain. Generally, the latter fate overtakes them, a part of the

gang being killed on the spot, and the remainder escaping, for the time, to encounter at some future day the doom of their fellows.

The great Dismal Swamp, which lies near the eastern shore of Virginia, and commencing near Norfolk stretches quite into North Carolina, contains a large colony of negroes, who originally obtained their freedom by the grace of God, and their own determined energy, instead of the consent of their owners, or by the help of the Colonization Society. How long this colony has existed, what is its amount of population, what portion of the colonists are now Fugitives, and what the descendants of Fugitives, are questions not easily determined; nor can we readily avail ourselves of the better knowledge undoubtedly existing in the vicinity of this colony, by reason of the decided objections of those best enabled to gratify our curiosity, to some extent at least, to furnish any information whatever, lest it might be used by Abolitionists for their

purposes, as one of them frankly said when questioned about the matter.

Nevertheless, some facts, or, at least, an approximation towards the truth of them, are known respecting this singular community of blacks, who have won their freedom and established themselves securely in the midst of the largest slaveholding State of the South; for from this extensive swamp they are very seldom, if now at all, reclaimed. The chivalry of Virginia, so far as I know, have never yet ventured on a Slave hunt in the Dismal Swamp, nor is it probably in the power of that State to capture or expel these Fugitives from it. This may appear extravagant. But when it is known how long a much less numerous band of Indians held the everglades of Florida against the forces of the United States, and how much blood and treasure it cost to expel them finally, we may find a sufficient reason for the forbearance of the Ancient Dominion towards this community of

Fugitives, domiciliated in their midst. From the character of the population it is reasonable to infer that the United States Marshal has never charged himself with the duty of taking the census of the swamp, and we can only estimate the amount of population by such circumstances as may serve to indicate it. Of these, perhaps the trade existing between the city of Norfolk and the Swamp may furnish the best element of computation. A canal, of which General Washington was one of the projectors, traverses lengthwise through the Swamp, and connects the waters of the Chesapeake with those of Albemarle Sound in North Carolina. Along the line of this canal are located a rough set of traders, whose entire trade is with the Maroons of the Swamp. These *Swamp merchants* obtain their supplies and convey the produce of the Swamp, principally if not entirely, to Norfolk. The articles which the negroes require are, for the most part, salted provisions,

Indian corn, coarse cloths and tools ; and what they furnish in payment are chiefly staves and shingles.

Thus has been established a trade between Norfolk and the Fugitives, which is wholly contraband, and which would subject the white participants in it to fearful penalties, if they could only be enforced. For, throughout the Slave States, it is an offence by law, of the gravest character, to have any dealings whatever with runaway negroes ; but "you no catch 'em, you no hab 'em," is emphatically true in the Dismal Swamp, where trader and runaway are alike beyond the reach of Virginia law. An intelligent merchant of near thirty years' business, in Norfolk, estimated the value of Slave property lost in the Swamp, at one and a half million dollars. This, at the usual rate of Slave valuation, would give near forty thousand as the population of the Swamp, — an estimate, I apprehend, quite too large, as it probably exceeds the

number of Fugitives now dwelling in all the free States, including those of Canada also.

Be this as it may, however, the main points of interest seem to be sufficiently established, which are these; that a permanent free population of very considerable amount, consisting of those who fled from Slavery, and their descendants, have established themselves, with entire security, in the largest slaveholding State of the South; that though subject, doubtless, to poverty and many privations, they obtain a living, are increasing, and that, through their efforts, and the ordinance of nature, they have established a city of refuge in the midst of Slavery, which has endured from generation to generation, and is likely to continue until Slavery is abolished throughout the land. A curious anomaly this community certainly presents, and its history and destiny are alike suggestive of curiosity and interest.

It is worthy of note, too, in these days of political agitation, that these poor Fugitives of

Virginia should, long ago, have practically realized the doctrine of a modern political party, successfully established its principles, and made this Swamp, Dismal by nature as name, the only "*free soil*" in all these United States, and the only ground, if such it may be called, which has never yet been, and, we think, never will be, polluted by the track of the Slave-hunter.

Boston, September, 1851.

Stanzas

IN MEMORY OF WILLIAM ALLEN,

Companion of Clarkson and Wilberforce, in their labors for the
Abolition of Slavery.

BY GEORGIANA FANNY ROSS.

THY fame shall conquer Time !

Where Knowledge yokes her car,
Where Science wings sublime
Her flight from star to star,
Wherever Wisdom's foot hath been,
The traces of thy path are seen !

Yet not that titles proud
Thy dignities confessed,
Though kings before thee bowed,
And emperors round thee pressed,

Though great and crownéd ones of earth
Paid willing homage to thy worth ;

And not that Science wreathed
Her laurels round thy brow,
Thy simple name is breathed
With love and reverence now ;
For higher, holier things than these,
True Faith and world-wide Charities !

For wanderings through all lands
Thy succor to impart,
To loose the fettered hands,
And cheer the captive's heart ;
For enterprise whence HOWARD won
The noblest name beneath the sun ;

For zealous struggles made
By no self-interest fired,
Against the accursed trade
Which avarice inspired ;

For ready voice and hand combined
To check the traffic of thy kind !

For *this* in palace-hall,
And in the prisoner's cell, —
For *this* where Slaves let fall
The severed manacle,
Wherever Christian souls unite,
And Freedom sheds her holy light,

Be praise and honor thine,
Who, when thy task was done,
Wert willing to resign
The glories thou hadst won,
And only courting prince and peer,
To give thy work a wider sphere !

Preferring to the end
Thy lowly, calm retreat,
Where now and then, the friend
And favored guest might meet,

To take with thee thy quiet round
Through cottage-gate and garden-ground !

To wander by thy side
Amid thy clustering flowers,
The pleasure and the pride
Of peaceful summer-hours,
Or through thy wondrous glass desery
The midnight heaven's fair pageantry.

Or trace from room to room
In choicest order set,
Round types or desk or loom
Thy well-trained scholars met,
Acquiring each some trade or art,
With God's best lessons for the heart.

True follower of thy Lord !
In every differing sect
Thy memory shall be stored
With favor, love, respect !

What matter where on earth they meet,
Who keep so close to JESUS' feet !

May, 1846.

L'Esclavage aux Etats-Unis, et l'Exposition de Londres.

PAR M. VICTOR SCHÆLCHER.

LA grande exposition qui vient de s'ouvrir à Londres est, sans contredit, l'un des faits les plus notables de notre époque. Ce concours industriel de tous les peuples de la terre est leur premier rapprochement dans une pensée unitaire et commune ; un acte, en quelque sorte, de fédération universelle. Au point de vue philosophique, comme au point de vue commercial, quoi de plus intéressant que cette réunion des œuvres manufacturées des quatres parties du monde ? Il faudra examiner, non seulement les objets produits, mais

encore les moyens employés pour produire. Quelle belle étude à faire sur la condition des travailleurs du globe entier !

Trop souvent une richesse apparente cache d'épouvantables misères sociales : nous n'en voulons d'autre exemple que celui qu'offriront les Etats du Sud de l'Union Américaine. Que ces Etats envoient à Londres un echantillon de leurs différentes industries, et l'on aura le tableau complet de leurs mœurs ; à côté de leurs magnifiques cotons et de leurs beaux sucres on aura, sous les yeux, les hideux spécimens des fouets à nœuds tressés, des carcans, des pesantes chaines, et des colliers à longues branches de fer et à grelots, avec lesquels ils obtiennent le travail de leurs TROIS MILLIONS d'esclaves. Oui, il n'est que trop vrai, voilà comme est traitée une classe déterminée de travailleurs par la grande République de l'Amerique du Nord. Oui, aux esclaves qui se sont échappés, et que l'on reprend, il y a des maîtres (et ces hommes-là se disent républicains !)

qui mettent des colliers de fer, armés de longues branches, au bout des quelles sont parfois attachés des grelots. Lorsque le malheureux, soumis au travail forcé, toujours avide de liberté, s'évade de nouveau, et va demander un asyle aux solitudes des bois, les branches de fer de l'horrible collier se prenant dans les lianes peuvent entraver sa fuite, et le bruit des grelots, au moindre mouvement qu'il fait, sert à mettre le chasseur sur ses traces.

Visiteurs de l'Exposition de Londres, allez donc au fond des choses, et, avant d'admirer telle ou telle merveille de l'activité humaine, étalée sous vos yeux, demandez si les bras qui l'ont fabriquée sont libres. Le triomphe de la mécanique dans une société bien organisée, est de mettre au service de tous une force nouvelle destinée à augmenter le bien-être de chacun. Le génie industriel moderne, en multipliant les produits, en abaissant leur valeur, et en diminuant la peine de l'ouvrier, n'a pas d'autre but. L'esclavage, qui fait de l'homme une machine souffrante en violation de toutes les lois

économiques et sociales, est donc à la fois une insulte à la raison, une offense à la vertu, et un attentat contre l'humanité.

Peut-être même eut-il été digne de l'Angleterre, qui a tant fait pour l'abolition de la servitude, d'exclure de l'exposition universelle tout produit du travail esclave ? Il y aurait eu, dans cette flétrissure, un acte de haute moralité, un noble hommage rendu à la civilisation du 19^m siècle ! Que toutes les nations mettent les Etats-Unis au ban de l'Europe tant qu'ils garderont des esclaves, et ils comprendront peut-être, à la fin, qu'ils déshonorent leur titre de républicains !

Et vous, nobles et intrepides abolitionnistes de l'Amérique du Nord, persévérez ! car c'est un immense danger pour l'idée démocratique, dans le présent et dans l'avenir, que le peuple démocrate par excellence possède des esclaves ! Persévérez, car toute une race d'hommes, sordidement, cruellement exploitée par ceux d'une république, est le spectacle le plus odieux, le plus funeste, que fut

jamais ! Persévérez, car l'oppression d'un seul homme est un crime commis envers le genre humaine tout entier ! Persévérez, car tenir l'homme en servitude c'est le faire descendre au rang des animaux, c'est l'avilir jusqu'à l'état des brutes, c'est l'assimiler au bétail ! Persévérez, car les soldats de la liberté contre l'esclavage ce sont les soldats de la justice contre l'injustice, du progrès contre la barbarie, de l'esprit contre la matière, du droit contre la force, du bien contre le mal ! Persévérez, car c'est vous qui sauverez l'honneur politique de votre nation aux yeux de la philosophie, de l'histoire, et de la postérité !

Quant à vous, Américains, possesseurs d'esclaves, citoyens d'une République, hommes glorieux avant tous du titre d'hommes libres, nous vous le demandons, répondez N'est ce pas la plus révoltante des contradictions que de vous voir traiter des créatures humaines comme des animaux domestiques ? . . . de les vendre et de les revendre

comme des bestiaux, le père à un maître, le fils à un autre, la mère à la Nouvelle Orléans, la fille à Charleston ; de les faire travailler comme les chevaux d'une usine et les bœufs d'un ferme à coups de fouet ; de les chasser, comme du gibier, quand ils s'échappent ; de défendre de leur apprendre à lire, pour qu'ils restent abrutis ; de ne leur laisser, enfin, ni patrie, ni famille, ni propriété.

Honte et malheur au peuple qui commit volontairement, sciemment, d'aussi monstreuses iniquités !

Grand et puissant peuple Américain, reviens à toi, nous t'en conjurons au nom sacré de la démocratie que tu as eu la gloire de fonder d'une manière durable ! Délivre les pauvres nègres asservis qui souffrent dans leur âme et dans leur corps ! Songes, songes-y ; en Europe les ennemis de la liberté se servent du déplorable exemple des Etats-Unis pour déprécier les principes républicains. Ne l'oublie

pas, ils disent tous, que l'on est mal-venu à saper les monarchies, quand on voit l'Amérique du Nord tolérer l'infâme institution de l'esclavage sur son territoire !

Paris, Mai, 1851.

American Slavery, and the London Exhibition.

BY M. VICTOR SCHÆLCHER,

Member of the Assembly.

THE great Exhibition which has just been opened in London is, beyond contradiction, one of the most memorable facts of our epoch. This industrial congress of all the nations of the earth is their first approach towards the reception of a unitary and common idea; an act, in some sort, of universal federation. In a philosophical, as well as in a commercial point of view, what more interesting than this assemblage of the manufactures of the four quarters of the world? We should examine

not merely the objects produced, but also the means used to produce them. How fair the opportunity for the study of the condition of the laborers of the entire globe !

Too often apparent wealth conceals frightful social miseries. We wish for no other proof of this than the one which the Southern States of the American Union will afford. Let these States but send to London a specimen of their varied industry, and we shall have a perfect picture of their manners. Alongside of their magnificent cottons and beautiful sugars we shall have, before our eyes, hideous specimens of whips with knotted thongs, of iron collars, of heavy chains, and of collars with long spikes of iron, and little bells appended, by means of which they obtain the labor of their THREE MILLIONS of Slaves. Yes, it is too true, thus is used a determinate class of laborers by the great Republic of North America ! Yes, there are masters (and men who call themselves republicans !) who fasten iron collars, armed with long

spikes, sometimes with little bells attached to them, about the necks of their recaptured runaways! When the wretched victim of involuntary toil, ever greedy of liberty, escapes anew, and seeks an asylum in the solitudes of the forests, the iron prongs of the horrible collar, catching in the climbing-plants, embarrass his flight, while the tinkling of the little bells, at his every movement, serves to put the hunter upon his track!

Visitors of the London Exhibition search these things to the bottom, and, before admiring this or that marvel of human industry, spread out before your eyes, ask whether the arms that made them are free. The triumph of mechanics, in a well organised society, is to place at the service of all a new force, intended to increase the well-being of each individual. The industrial genius of modern times has no other end than this, when it multiplies production, lowers prices, and diminishes the toil of the artisan. Slavery, which makes man a suffering machine, in violation of all economical

and social laws, is at once an insult to reason, an offence to virtue, and an outrage upon humanity.

Perhaps, even, it had been worthy of England, that has done so much for the abolition of Slavery, to exclude from the Universal Exhibition every production of Slave labor. This withering rebuke would have been an act of lofty morality, a noble homage paid to the civilization of the nineteenth century. Let all the nations put the United States under the ban of Europe, as long as they hold Slaves, and perhaps they will discover at length that they dishonor their title of republicans!

And you, noble and intrepid band of Abolitionists of North America, persevere! for it is an incalculable danger to the democratic idea, both now and hereafter, that the most democratic people existing should be the holders of Slaves! Persevere; for the spectacle of an entire race of men crushed, basely, cruelly, by the men of a republic is the most odious, the most fatal ever beheld! Persevere; for the oppression of a single

man is a crime against the whole human race ! Persevere ; for to hold man in Slavery is to reduce him to the rank of the animals, to degrade him to the condition of the brutes, to place him on a level with cattle ! Persevere ; for the soldiers of liberty against Slavery are the soldiers of justice against injustice, of progress against barbarism, of mind against matter, of right against violence, of good against evil ! Persevere ; for it is you that will save the political honor of your nation in the eyes of philosophy, of history, and of posterity !

As to you, Americans, owners of Slaves, men boasting above all things of your name of freemen, answer us this question : Is it not the most revolting of contradictions to see you treat human creatures like domestic animals ? To sell them over and over again, like beasts, the father to one master, the son to another ; the mother to New Orleans, the daughter to Charleston ; to make them work like horses in a mill and oxen on a farm, under the whip ; to hunt them like game when they escape ; to forbid

them to learn to read, that they may remain embroiled ; to allow them, finally, to have neither country, nor family, nor property ?

Shame and woe to the people that commits voluntarily, knowingly, such monstrous iniquities !

Great and mighty American nation, come to thyself ! We conjure thee, by the sacred name of that democracy which thou hast had the glory permanently to establish, free those poor enslaved negroes, suffering in soul and in body ! Think, think of this, too, — the enemies of liberty in Europe make use of the lamentable example of the United States to depreciate republican principles. “ Forget not,” they all exclaim, “ how ill-advised it is to sap the foundations of monarchy, when ye see North America permit the infamous institution of Slavery to exist upon her soil ! ”

Paris, May, 1851.

Sonnet.

TO A RECREANT STATESMAN.

BY HOWARD W. GILBERT.

THE waiting nation to the truth to win
How easy, hadst thou had that purpose vast !
Willing had then with thee the people cast
Their lot, and on the future entered in.
Then far above the world's ignoble din,
In heights where nevermore a place thou hast,
Within that deepening night, the solemn past,
Thy name an ever-beaming star had been !
Thou didst prefer the empty clamor loud,
Of ignorance and baseness meanly born,

And to thy fall thy princely head hast bowed,
Like Lucifer, the glorious star of morn !
Therefor thou hast the applauses of the crowd,
And of the noble, — deep, undying scorn !

Pennsylvania, September, 1851.

"Nulla vestigia retrorsum."

BY GEORGE F. TALBOT.

THIS has been a favorite quotation with Mr. Webster since his defection to the Slaveholders, the seventh of March of last year. He has taken much pains to keep the country assured that he is resolute in his treachery, and has no purpose of repentance. In the thick gloom of his own mind and conscience, induced by the commission of a great crime, and which, he seems to fancy, simultaneously obscures the whole face of nature, he thinks it necessary every now and then to halloo, to let "the rest of mankind" know that he is travelling straight on with no steps backwards;

while, as often, he encourages himself by an audible proclamation, that it is or soon will be day-break. He repeats his protestations that he will adhere to the Union, till all nervous and impressible people feel the Union tottering and shaking. It is impossible for any person even of steady nerves to listen to his solemn and eloquent asseverations, that he will never desert the Union, and not feel that the Union is not, has not been, or may not be in imminent peril ; just as it is impossible, in hearing Mrs. Micawber tearfully and frantically exclaim, that she "*will never desert Mr. Micawber,*" not to believe, that that devoted lady did not suspect, that the crisis might sometime occur in her domestic life, when such elopement would be both necessary and prudent.

However, let us take Mr. Webster's assurance that he will take no step backward, if not on the faith of his words, on the faith of the philosophy of things. While there are no acts, however trivial, that can be wholly *undone* by any repara-

tion or repentance, there are certain great deliberate actions which done once are done forever. Their consequences follow and roll down even through the eternities, a chain whose accumulated weight drags the soul, in which these actions were once mere thoughts, into unfathomable depths. It is the hopeful thought of the child, that every broken thing, even a broken Sabbath, can be mended ; but further on in life he learns, that the number of irreparable and forlorn articles and wares, past all tinkering, multiply on every hand, in the moral as well as the natural sphere. The truth is, Mr. Webster *cannot get back*. That whole matter lies wholly now out of the scope of his will and choice. Robespierre could as easily have stopped the cart that was trundling him to the guillotine, and turned into *vivas* and benedictions the execrations that hissed upon him from every window and door of Paris, as could Mr. Webster, after the fatal ides of March, recover his position as the acknowledged leader of the hosts of Freedom,

disputing inch by inch this American soil with the victorious forces of Slavery.

Of the vanquished angels, Milton sings that they were nine days falling into hell. Scientific experiments have demonstrated that the velocity of falling bodies accumulates in a certain ratio of the distances. Had this "law of physical geography" been enacted at so early a date, and been executed in those distant regions, it is to be believed that along in the afternoon of the ninth day, these travellers must have been journeying at a very telegraphic rate. Still it is not to be doubted that, had Milton's hero been met about that time, his hair and beard pulling off at a very sharp tangent behind, he would have had the effrontery *to make a show of getting on voluntarily*, and sufficient presence of mind to coin from a future classic the brave words, — "*Nulla vestigia retrorsum.*"

From so great a treachery as that of the seventh of March there are no back tracks. There is the old Miltonian, telegraphic, nine days route, and a

side path by which Judas, who repented, betook himself to the gallows. The seventh of March belongs to history. History will not have her unities broken in upon by the irregularity of repentances. She will round her tragedy to its catastrophe, and make her lessons intelligible and impressive. The whole transaction is worth infinitely more as a moral illustration than is Mr. Webster's consistency, — perhaps, than is Mr. Webster's soul. These great rascalities are not without their office in the culture of the world, though the poor soul, who has that *rôle* to play, gets terrifically *used up*. There was the hint of a profound philosophy, as well as a pathos, in the statement of the ragged and dilapidated wretch, who said, "My brother goes round lecturing on Intemperance, and I go with him as an *awful example*." Since he will not, and if he knew it, *cannot* go back, let us grant Mr. Webster permission to make a virtue of going on, nor deny him the heroism of consistent and continued wickedness. For Mac-

beth or Richard to *sneak* in their last days into repentance, might have helped them and their destiny amazingly ; but it would have completely spoiled them as *characters*, and would have made them too contemptible for Shakspeare to notice, or the world to remember.

There is another perquisite, to which our fallen statesman is fairly entitled, and that is, the whole complement of reputation and glory, which comes to him from the bad public sentiment of to-day. The laudations of all the time-serving journals ; the confidence which he has secured in all places where merchants most do congregate — good to him for as many dōtations as the exigencies of his private and public housekeeping may require ; and the clerical epistles, which go far towards vouching him into the kingdom of heaven ; are all portions of his fee, and must not be grudged or withheld. He is not a man of refined and subtile ambition. His very sensualism is not of the epicurean cast that baits itself with preliminary abstinence and

denial, that chooses out of all the future the golden moment of indulgence, when all the auspices are the best, and sips leisurely and half intellectually the topmost sparkle of intoxication. Like a half-grown boy, he wants his dinner, and he wants it now. His gigantic intellect is bedded in a hungry, voracious body, and owes half its vigor to the amount of provender, with which it must be ever and anon stimulated. He is a powerful steam-engine, whose vast forces must be constantly *wooded up* with an incredible amount of fuel. The practical difficulty, which his employers have oftenest met, is precisely the same that, in Dr. Lardner's opinion, would forever prevent the success of ocean steam navigation — to make him carry coal enough for his own consumption. Boston and New York have generally been the principal coal depôts for him, and more than once his chief engineers, particularly through all the stress of the late political bad weather, have beat up State and Wall Streets to the tune of "*wood up*," — the "Daniel Webster"

lying forlorn on some sand bar, or chopping helplessly in mid ocean in the trough of the sea.

To a mind so organized, the *now* is everything. Date heaven or hell day after to-morrow and they cease to influence him. Like the old Hebrew king, he is entirely satisfied so the evil comes not in his day. Reputation to him is real and tangible. Can he not hear it in the street, and read it in this morning's newspaper? As for Fame, it is a fancy, a visionary conjecture, a *post mortem* adjunct of his name, that he would take as little pains to provide, as he would legacies for his children.

In figures of speech, he encounters persecution, he goes to the stake, he dies as many deaths as did Paul, all for conscience sake. But all this is done rhetorically and vicariously. His own skin is unscratched. He continues to lodge well, to travel well, eat and drink well, while all this Pickwickian maceration is going on. In any other sense, he is utterly incapable of such self-sacrifice. The times

never have demanded it of him. Heaven in kind consideration of his infirmities never laid such terrible crosses in his path. History never selected him to adorn her martyr scaffolds, or give his magnificent head to grace the point of a pike or the top of a gate post, the victim of anarchy or tyranny. His very friends, who now lament his sliding, as it were by dead weight, from the position where the best virtue of the nation had placed and held him, never expected of him anything but a decent regard for his own character, a most worldly and prudent calculation of the main chance, and sufficient discretion to keep him from battering his head against a post. To predicate such a man's decisions and actions upon the higher attributes of a moral nature, upon religious instincts, or religious culture, is finding in them an element, of which his own expositions and extenuations of his conduct are singularly destitute. Save in its mere shell and mechanism, its ritual and legalism, those ideas of it, which seize first upon

grosser souls, Mr. Webster never recognizes religion.

It may not be too much to say further, that a more controlling motive for the great apostacy was still lower than a desire of the reputation of having done a conspicuous and consequential act, namely, the expectation of the immediate reward of the act. It was not enough to have saved the Union. There was a pressure of competition in the same enterprise. No mob of Barnegat wreckers ever rushed so *pell mell* to save a valuable ship and cargo, as did all denominations of American patriots to save the Union. The newspapers have not settled down upon the hero of the act yet. Cass and Buchanan, Clay and Fillmore, New York Herald, Boston Courier, Commissioner Ingraham, Commissioner Curtis, in fine everybody else, had their hands in the great salvation. In any admiralty court the *salvage* must go into such small shares as to be beneath the acquisitiveness of Mr. Webster. It was not enough to have the genius of

history stand at his side and quietly whisper, as she does audibly enough to some of us, "No matter who gets the name or the pay of it — you DID IT, AND YOU ALONE!" He wants a sign, a token to show to the men in the street. He wishes to have it common talk in all the bar-rooms of the land. What is it to him what opinions the English, Turks, or Chinese of next century may entertain of his worth or works. He eschews the criticisms of posterity and demands that his case should go to the jury now sworn upon the panel. He requires that the salary, the office and the state of the chief magistracy shall place him above all his peers, and make the eyes of all the people stick out with admiration of his dignity and greatness.

Not attaining the presidency Mr. Webster will be ill used. That the Slavery-usurpation has fairly fortified itself in the national government and obtained the forms of law under which men and women may be haled to prison as traitors for their *Christian faith*, that New Mexico and the terri-

tories lie open to the chain gangs of Slaves and their drivers, Old Mexico to successive Slaveholding revolutions and annexations, and the whole North even to the very centres of its Anti-Slavery temples and cities of refuge to the incursions of the "*Hunters of men*," is due first, second, and third to DANIEL WEBSTER. If the maxim "*Detur digniori*" is to govern, Mr. Webster should have the presidency. The Abolitionists of America will cordially unite in giving him this certificate, a far more efficacious electioneering document, I doubt not, than the abortive *subscription paper nomination*.

Let Mr. Webster have his fees, his praise, his presidency, and do not postpone his overpowering claims. Since he is to be rewarded in this world, bring quickly his diadem and royal robe and set him on his throne, and when he speaks, let the whole multitude give a shout saying, "It is the voice of a God and not of a man." Let this nation make haste to honor him and set upon him

the seal of renown, for Death waits on the verge of Age to hand him over to the criticisms of History. History is not in the interest of Slaveholders, traders, or panic makers. She quietly overlooks their forgeries and blots their impostures. She has seen Unions in danger before, and great men under the pressure of mean fear or hungry ambition compromising justice and denying right ; but never yet the occasion where the Supreme Righteousness, that sometimes has laid great trials and sore toils upon human shoulders, gives indulgence, for the emergency, to set aside the *Higher Law*.

East Machias, Me., October, 1851.

Lines.

BY DANIEL RICKETSON. *Woodlee*

A mind determined to be strong
Must labor hard and labor long,
Must seek in Nature's wide domain
The Truth that o'er his heart shall reign.
Some noble object to engage
His early years and downward age ;
For man without some grand pursuit,
Is little raised above the brute.
If honest in his chosen aim,
All selfish end he will disclaim,
And, steering onward for the right,
Will soon discern the beacon light

That, from the ocean waste before,
Shall bring him to some peaceful shore.

New Bedford, Mass., September, 1851.

Seymour Cunningham ; or, All for
Liberty.

BY JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM.

"Skin for skin; yea, all that a man hath will he give for his" freedom.

THE circumstances stated in the following pages are *facts*, which occurred in Boston about twenty-five years ago. They were well known to many persons at that time, and, probably, some of the witnesses are yet living. Soon after their occurrence, the story was published in the "New England Galaxy." Some who then read it have probably forgotten it, and many of the present generation have never seen it; to all such it will have the interest of novelty. It is now re-written,

with a few slight variations in phraseology, and is offered as a contribution to the contents of the Liberty Bell, where, if accepted by the editors, it will exhibit a striking illustration of an irrepressible desire for freedom from Slavery, — an undaunted resolution to recover it, — and unflinching firmness under the process of personal mutilation, to secure that natural inalienable privilege of humanity.

It was in the beginning of the year 1827, that a collection of people, chiefly colored, and surrounding a young man of rather a dark complexion, — but not darker than many that one may meet in daily intercourse with the world, — was noticed in one of the public streets of Boston. A very natural curiosity induced one of the observers to ask, “What is the matter?” To which a white man, who seemed to be somewhat active in the crowd, replied, “That villain denies that he is a Slave; and these black rascals are disposed to resist the civil authority, and attempt to rescue him.” “Why, how is this,” said another, “the

man is as white as we are, and why should the blacks take more interest in the fellow than you or I? He appears to have more white than black blood in his body."

Common interest, or sympathy, or curiosity, soon increased the motley assemblage, and induced them to accompany the alleged Slave to the office of a magistrate, to which the agent of the owner was taking him, to procure a warrant for his "extradition." The magistrate was the late Zachariah G. Whitman, son of Judge Benjamin Whitman, both well known in the community. On examination, the accused answered to the name of Seymour Cunningham, and claimed to be a free man. The agent, who had travelled five hundred miles to secure him, asserted that he was a well-known Slave, whose owner lived in Alexandria. It soon appeared that, whether a Slave or a free man, Cunningham was a fine, smart, intelligent fellow, and really worth hunting through half a dozen States, as a subject for speculation. The

only moral taint that appeared in his character was his abominable wickedness in running away. But as one sin is no sooner born than it begets another, Cunningham denied that he was a Slave, and boldly asserted (falsely, as it appeared,) that, though he had once been a Slave, he had obtained his freedom, and had a certificate of the fact. The agent, with equal confidence, denied the existence of any such certificate. The magistrate requested Cunningham to produce it. He replied that it was too valuable to be carried in his pocket; but one of his friends, whom he named, knew where it was, and could produce it in five minutes. Accordingly, in a few minutes, the document was brought into court, and the triumph of humanity, in spite of color, was visible in every black man's countenance. A murmur ran through the court-room, that Seymour was a free man; and the magistrate himself manifested a keen sense of gratification at the prospect of Cunningham's becoming his own property:

“ Let me see the certificate,” said the agent.

It was handed to him. He examined it with an incredulous minuteness, and then returned it to the magistrate, putting himself in the position of a man sure of his object. “ Why, may it please your honor,” said he, “ this is a good certificate ; I know the signature is genuine ; but this certificate does not belong to this man. This Slave’s name is not Seymour. He has a brother who looks very much like him, who *is* free, and this is *his* certificate, which has been stolen or borrowed by this impudent Slave to impose it on the court as his own. But I can detect him. His brother fought in the army, during the last war, and is covered with scars. His right arm was broken by a grape-shot ; his little finger of the right hand was shot off ; his left leg was broken, and the calf of the other shot away ; and he has no middle toe on the right foot. All these particulars, your honor may see, are stated in the certificate, and were there inserted in honor of the real Seymour’s bravery

and services. But as for this fellow, he knows he is a Slave. Cunningham," continued the agent, "how dare you deny that you are a Slave?"

"Well, Cunningham," said the magistrate, "what do you say to this?"

"Say, sir? I say that I am a free man, and this inhuman monster wants to kidnap me, and sell me for a Slave. But this certificate, which has cost me blood from every part of my body, ought to redeem the little black blood which does not fill two of my veins. I suffered all for freedom, and thought this certificate had purified me of all African taint. I am the true Seymour Cunningham. Examine me; and if you do not find that I conform in every particular to the certificate, then deliver me over to this monster, who scents a drop of black blood at the distance of five hundred miles."

Cunningham then raised his right hand, and lo! his little finger was gone. He rolled up his pantaloons, and there were the true marks of a broken

leg, as testified by a surgeon who was in the courtroom. He then took off his coat, rolled up his shirt-sleeve, and presented his arm to the surgeon, who pronounced the scars those of a compound fracture. He next bared his right leg to the view of the magistrate, and the calf thereof was wanting. Lastly, he took off his boot and stocking, and behold ! the middle toe was gone !

The scene was now quite pleasant. The colored spectators manifested their satisfaction by showing their teeth and rolling up the whites of their eyes. Their full hearts opened all their mouths, so that clusters of pearls enlightened the dusky courtroom ; and the contrast of so many white teeth and irradiated eyes, sparkling like diamonds among so many sable faces, was really picturesque. Columns of pearl and jet, and jet and pearl, alternated like the shows in a magic glass. But the triumph of humanity was brief — short as a solitary gleam of the sun during a week of foul weather. The

magistrate, it is true, seemed to be convinced, and turning to the agent, said, —

“You have clearly mistaken your man, and it gives me pleasure to discharge him. Seymour Cunningham, you are a free ——”

“By no means,” interrupted the agent. “I have just arrived from Alexandria, where I left Seymour Cunningham, the true owner of this certificate, a true, real, living man. I will send and produce the real Seymour, if your honor will only commit this impostor to gaol in the meantime. It is incomprehensible to me how the man can be so depraved as to deny that he has always been a Slave.”

At the pressing request of the agent, Cunningham was committed to gaol to await further examination.

In the mean time, the real facts of this mysterious affair began to be whispered about, and gradually the whole scheme was exposed. The people of color, in Boston, considering that the

white people would not acknowledge Cunningham as one of their species,—although he was really of a lighter complexion than some of them,—called a convention, and passed sundry resolutions to protect him, in consideration of the small portion of African blood which ran in his veins. One of these resolutions was rather characteristic and peculiar:—“*It is not a black face that constitutes a negro,—but a black heart.*” To show himself worthy of the friendship of these people, Cunningham produced his brother’s certificate. His friends immediately told him that he must not show that as an evidence of his freedom, for his person did not conform to it in many important particulars.

“I know that,” said Cunningham, “but liberty is sweet. I can easily conform to the certificate.”

“Why, how?”

“Cut off my toe; break one leg; cut off the calf of the other; break this arm, and chop off this finger. You can do it all in five minutes.”

"Smart fellow!" said one of his friends.

"Are you willing to undergo all this?"

"Most joyfully," said Cunningham.

"What a pity," said another, "that we can't tap him, and let out this little portion of negro blood!"

They then sent for a butcher, and, having sworn him to secrecy, disclosed their purpose, and promised him fifty dollars, if he would operate like a workman, and make Cunningham conform to the certificate.

The butcher paused; said it was a new case; and, addressing Cunningham, asked if he really desired to have his body so cut and mangled.

"Yes," said Cunningham; "liberty is sweet; I can endure it all, even if you use your cleaver."

"Why, yes," said the butcher, "that and the carving-knife are the handiest tools. But, Cunningham, suppose you should die under the operation. Your blood would be required at my hands, and I should be hung for murder."

"Fear nothing," said Cunningham; "in case you kill me, you will not be hung. You mistake me for a man; but I am only a piece of merchandise."

"I doubt," said the butcher, "if any man can undergo all this mangling at once. I would not use a calf, or a sheep, or even a wild beast, in so cruel a manner."

"You coward!" said Cunningham; "you do n't know the sweets of liberty. There now, be satisfied, I can endure it all." Saying this, as if in merriment, he bit off his little finger, and tossed it to the butcher, and added, "so much less of me is a Slave, at any rate."

The butcher then departed to get his tools. On his return, Cunningham, in order to encourage him, and to display his own fortitude, had prepared a little melted pitch, and laying his foot on a chair, with a mallet and chisel struck off his toe, and applied the hot pitch to the wound, to stop the bleeding. The butcher said no carpenter could

have done the work neater. The toe flew half way across the room.

Being thus encouraged, the butcher laid his knife and cleaver on the table, and prepared to begin his operation. Cunningham asked him in what position he should place himself, whether standing or sitting.

"You must first be bound," said the butcher.

"Bound!" said Cunningham, "I have been bound long enough; and now, when I am in pursuit of liberty, I will show you, that I am able to be my own master."

"Before I cut up any creature," said the butcher, "I always try to compose it. The ox is first stunned; calves, sheep, and swine are bled, and rendered insensible by exhaustion; but I cannot practise so on you. You must be bound and laid out on a table, or I cannot operate with success."

"I will lie as quiet as a lamb," said Cunn-

ham ; " but do n't talk of binding me. You shall not know that I am not asleep."

Cunningham stripped off his clothes and laid himself on the table.

" Shut your eyes, and appear to be dead," said the butcher, " or I cannot carry a steady hand."

" No," said the intrepid and resolute Cunningham, holding the certificate before his eyes ; " I will see that you conform me to the certificate." *

" Well then ; there ! What do you think of that ? Is liberty worth that cracking of your bones ? "

" Liberty is sweet," muttered Cunningham.

* Had this unlettered hero been familiar with dramatic poetry, he would have taken the exclamation of Eumenes, in the tragedy of Merope, when the priest was about to veil his eyes, before placing him on the altar of sacrifice, —

" Off, ye vain forms !

Cover the eyes of cowards ; mine disdain ye.

Mine can, with steadfast and advancing scorn,

Look in death's face, full-sighted. When it comes,

'Tis to be *met* — not *hid*. . . .

Welcome, eternal day ! — bad world, farewell ! "

"On my word," said the operator, "here is as handsome a leg as I ever saw."

"Never mind ; conform it to the certificate."

"There ! it is done."

"Yes : pretty well ; pare it a little closer to the bone."

"Now let your arm hang dangling over the table," said the butcher. "So — that's right. There ! Confound my cleaver ; it turned in my hand. But it's only a compound fracture that is needed ; and now the work is done. Have I earned the money ?"

"Ask Cunningham," said one of the spectators. "If he says yes, there is your money. We raised it for the Greeks, but it is not your fault that the Turks — ; but what do you say, Cunningham ? Shall I pay the money ?"

"Stop a minute," said Cunningham ; let us examine the certificate once more. Well, — it will do : pay the money. I believe I conform so

exactly to the certificate, that brother Seymour would mistake me for himself."

"Recollect," said the butcher, "if Cunningham dies, it is no affair of mine. I am not to be troubled. I would n't undertake another such job for twice the money. It is wholly out of my line to cut a steak or break a bone if the creature shows any signs of life."

The sequel proved that the butcher had operated like a workman. Cunningham recovered in a short time. But all his heroic suffering availed nothing. The facts were developed on the second trial, and he was delivered over to the agent and taken back to Alexandria. There is another fact, however, in the case, which must not be kept out of remembrance ; for it is not only gratifying to the humane feelings of our nature, but is highly honorable to the colored population of Boston — Cunningham was soon redeemed from Slavery. His freedom was purchased with money, — amounting to six hundred dollars, — subscribed in part by the

colored people themselves, and the rest procured by them among the friends of universal emancipation.

Cambridge, Mass., October, 1851.

The Joy of Wealth.

BY LOUISA J. HALL.

ONCE to my poverty there came strange news,
And to my pining soul, like evening dews
To the parched thirsty herb, it strengthening came,
Giving me hope, and power to do, and name.
Lacking earth's goods, how weak, alas ! was I !
None could I help, so all men passed me by ;
And I did think it was my rightful doom,
When rich men trod my way, to give them room.

But there came news. They told me I was rich !
Treasures were mine that do men's souls bewitch ;
And my far kinsman's death gave birth to powers
And plans, like visions of my boyhood's hours.

All my crushed manhood I forgot. No more
Must I turn poorer sufferers from my door,
And think the strangest thing God ever made
Was a sun-loving heart to pine in shade.
Oh, brief and blissful dream ! Thank God, it
came :

Oh, opportunity ! nor gold, nor fame,
Could flush my cheek with such a joyous glow,
As sudden power to heal a brother's woe.
With such sweet face came glittering Wealth to me,
With reverent, grateful heart I bowed the knee,
Looked to my God, and listened for the word
That in the soul with each new gift is heard.

Thus spake the voice. " These treasures are not
thine.

Man's law doth give them thee ; God bids, resign.
Thy gold is coined from bondmen's unpaid toil ;
Thy gems are tears dropped o'er a Slave-tilled soil ;
A curse lurks in the heart of such dire wealth ;
Shrink ! ere it blight thy inmost spirit's health."

Shuddering I heard. From my scorched hands I
flung

Parchments and deeds, as one with frenzy stung,
And then with sudden tears and glad relief, —
An agony of rapture almost past belief, —
Caught to my heart again the legal scrawls,
By which I held — and might set *free* — those
thralls !

Set free ! silent before my swimming sight
They glide, they glide even now, the new-born light
Of freedom beaming from their wondering eyes,
That gaze as on transfigured earth and skies.
They called me — Master ! Oh, Father of love !
Not for one night the holy stars above
Saw me endure the title. On they went,
On in their free and peaceful banishment ;
By families they went. None could molest
Whom I sent forth to seek their northern rest,
None drive them from the lands my gold did buy ;
And there the gentle race shall live, there die.

Out of the wealth God-given, in one brief hour
I crushed its truest blessing and its power.
I have them still. The worthless show is flown,
But gold's enduring blessing is mine own.
My God, I thank thee ! I am bowed to earth
With gratitude. I cannot heed man's mirth,
Who mocks the poverty he deems insane ;
For I am rich, am rich ! a golden vein
Henceforward runs all glittering through my life,
Not to be reached by human eye or strife,
Deeper than scorn can touch or sin defile,
Reflecting back my Father's blessed smile.

Providence, R. I., October, 1851.

Le Christianisme et l'Esclavage.

PAR M. MARTIN PASCHOUD,

Pasteur.

À MADAME H. G. CHAPMAN.

Madame :— Vous me faites l'honneur de me demander ce que je pense de l'esclavage ; permettez-moi, pour toute réponse, de vous envoyer un petit écrit, dans le quel j'ai taché d'exprimer, du mieux qu'il m'a été possible, la formule précise de *la loi de Dieu*, d'où il résulte, ainsi que vous le verrez, si vous daignez jeter les yeux sur ces humbles pages, que de tous les égaremens, de tous les fléaux, de tous les crimes qui se sont répandus sur notre pauvre terre, le plus grand, le plus

funeste, le plus exécrable est assurément l'Esclavage, puisque c'est celui qui renverse, le plus fondamentalement, cette *loi religieuse, sociale, individuelle*, que le suprême Législateur a établie pour l'humanité.

Comment se fait-il qu'une telle iniquité ait pu s'établir, se perpétuer, se régulariser, se légaliser, se sanctifier même dans le monde ? Surtout, comment se fait-il qu'aujourd'hui, encore, à cette heure, en ce moment, dans des pays non sauvages, mais civilisés, mais religieux, mais Chrétiens, on accepte, on conserve un si horrible héritage de la barbarie, comme si l'on tenait, en vérité, à garder devant soi, énergique et vivante, la plus cruelle, à la fois, et la plus ironique protestation contre cette civilisation, contre cette religion, contre ce Christianisme ?

La première publication de ma jeunesse, (je regrette, madame, de ne pouvoir en retrouver un seul exemplaire pour vous en faire l'hommage,) a été, il y a trente ans, une thèse sur ce sujet.

J'y montrais, je crois, qu'il n'était pas possible d'être réellement Chrétiens, et possesseurs d'Esclaves ! C'était, vous le voyez, une vérité assez enfantine. Il n'y a pas, en effet, de petit garçon, de petite fille, dans nos écoles, qui ne partageât cet avis, si vous lui faisiez lire seulement quatre lignes de l'Evangile, et lui disiez deux mots de ce que c'est que l'Esclavage.

Mais j'ai appris depuis que les grands esprits savent, au besoin, s'élever à des opinions différentes. N'a-t'il pas été décidé à Londres, il y a quelques années, dans les solennelles réunions de *l'Alliance Evangélique* (beaux mots, vraiment, si les choses s'y rencontraient !) que, pour entrer dans cette alliance, et partant dans le Paradis, il importait peu d'être ou non acheteur et vendeur de chair et d'âme humaines ; mais qu'il fallait, avant tout, dire, sans faute, un long et inintelligible *crédo au péché originel, et à la Trinité*.

Pour moi, madame, je l'avoue, cela ne m'a point converti. Je suis resté, et je mourrai, avec

les impressions, avec les convictions de mon enfance, de ma jeunesse, nourries, fortifiées par les méditations de l'âge mûr. Je repousse, comme menteurs et sacrilèges, tous les *crédo* du monde qui s'accouplent, monstrueusement, avec la violation évidente de la Loi de Dieu. Si j'étais *propriétaire d'hommes*, le seul *crédo* que, pour être sincère, je consentisse à répéter, serait celui-ci : *Je crois en moi !* et, pour arriver à le prononcer avec quelque sécurité de conscience, je m'empresserais de jeter au feu l'Evangile de Jésus-Christ, dont la seule vue me couvrirait d'une inexprimable confusion ; je prendrais tous les détours du chemin, pour ne passer jamais dans la rue, ou sur la place où se trouverait un temple, une église quelconque ; car ma condamnation m'y paraîtrait écrite sur les murs ; enfin, j'essayerais, — si ma folie y pouvait atteindre, — j'essayerais de déchirer, au fond de mon âme, cet Evangile éternel, cette loi de nature que le Créateur y a mise, et dont la voix m'importunerait, afin de

descendre moi-même, de degré en degré, jusqu'au niveau de ces pauvres victimes, choses animées, dont, peut-être alors il me serait possible de disposer sans crainte et sans remords.

Ou plutôt, si j'avais le malheur d'être *propriétaire d'hommes*, et que je voulusse redevenir, je ne dis pas Chrétien, mais *homme*, vrai homme, je tomberais incontinent à genoux devant Dieu, face contre terre, et je lui dirai avec componction, avec larmes : — “ Auteur de mon être ! Dieu puissant et bon ! Pardonne ! Je t'ai offensé, par l'ignorance, par aveuglement, par fausse honte, par amour propre, par égoïsme ; j'ai commis le péché le plus abominable à tes yeux ; j'ai dégradé la créature que tu avais faite à ton image ; elle t'appartenait, — je me la suis injustement appropriée ! Comme l'animal dont tu m'avait dit au commencement, ‘ domine sur lui, ’ j'ai pris aussi ton fils, le fils d'Adam, mon propre frère, issu de ta race, et je m'en suis servi ainsi que d'un autre bétail. Oh, mon père, —

père de lui, — père de tous, — pardonne ! Il n'est pas mien ! Je te le rends ! ”

Vous m'avez dit, madame, qu'un pasteur, héritier d'un vaste domaine à Esclaves, avait fait récemment, dans votre pays, une pareille restitution. Puissent se multiplier chaque jour d'aussi nobles exemples ! Puissent tous les efforts généreux et pacifiques des âmes comme la vôtre être abondamment bénis dans cette œuvre ! Puisse, enfin, et bientôt, sonner par tout le monde, à toutes les oreilles, dans tous les cœurs, en toute demeure habitable, l'heure bienheureuse de la réparation et de la liberté.

Je suis, madame, avec regard et affection
Chrétienne,

Votre très humble et très dévoué serviteur,

MARTIN-PASCHOUD.

Paris, 10 Mars, 1851.

Christianity and Slavery.

BY M. MARTIN PASCHOUD,

Protestant Clergyman.

TO MRS. H. G. CHAPMAN.

Madam :— You have done me the honor to ask me what I think of Slavery. Permit me, as the only reply I have to make, to send you a few lines in which I have endeavored to express, to the best of my ability, the precise formula of the law of God, whence it follows, as you will perceive if you are pleased to cast your eyes over these humble pages, that of all the frenzies, of all the plagues, of all the crimes, which have spread themselves over our poor world, Slavery is, assuredly, the

greatest, the most fatal, the most execrable, since it is that which overthrows the most utterly this Law, religious, social, personal, which the Supreme Legislator has established for the human race.

How comes it to pass that such an iniquity has been able to establish itself, to perpetuate itself, to organize itself, to sanctify itself, even, in the world? Above all, how comes it to pass that at this day, at this hour, at this moment, in countries not savage but civilized, religious, Christian, so horrible a bequest of barbarism is accepted, is cherished, as if it were necessary to keep before their eyes, full of energy and life, a protest at once the most cruel and the most ironical, against this civilization, against this religion, against this Christianity?

The first publication of my youth (I regret, Madam, that I cannot recover a single copy to present to you,) was, thirty years ago, an essay upon this subject. I there showed, I think, that it was not possible to be truly a Christian and the

possessor of Slaves ! It was, as you see, an infantile truth enough. There is not, indeed, a little boy or a little girl in our schools who would not be of the same opinion, should you make them read merely four lines of the Gospel and tell them in two words what Slavery is. But I have learned since then that great minds can, upon a pinch, rise to other opinions ! Was it not decided at London, a few years since, in the solemn assemblies of the Evangelical Alliance (beautiful words, truly, if they meant anything !) that to enter into this Alliance, and so into Paradise, it mattered little whether one were or not the buyer and seller of human flesh and souls, but that it was above all essential to repeat, without mistake, a long and unintelligible creed as to Original Sin and the Trinity ?

As to myself, Madam, I confess it, this has failed to convert me. I have remained, and shall remain, with the impressions, with the convictions, of my infancy, of my youth, nourished and strengthened

by the reflections of my riper age. I reject, as lying and sacrilegious, all the creeds in the world which monstrosly unite themselves with the palpable violation of the law of God. Were I an owner of men, the only creed which I could in sincerity consent to repeat would be this : — *I believe in MYSELF !* And, that I might pronounce it with some ease of conscience, I should make haste to cast into the fire the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the very sight of which would overwhelm me with unutterable confusion. I should carefully go out of my way, so as never to pass through any street or square where there might be a temple, a church of any kind ; for I should there see my condemnation written upon the walls ! Finally, I should endeavor, — if my madness could reach such a pitch, — I should endeavor to tear from the bottom of my soul that eternal Gospel, that law of Nature, which the Creator has placed there, the voice of which would not let me rest, so that I might descend myself, step by step, even to the

level of these poor victims, animated chattels, whom I might then be able to dispose of without fear and without remorse.

Or, rather, had I the misfortune to be the *owner of men*, and should I wish to become, I will not say a *Christian*, but a *man*, a true man, I should fall at once upon my knees before God, and with my face bowed to the earth, I should say to him, with contrition, with tears : — “ Author of my being ! Mighty and merciful God ! Pardon ! I have sinned against thee, through ignorance, through blindness, through false shame, through self-conceit, through selfishness ; I have committed the sin the most abominable in thine eyes ; I have degraded the creature that thou hast made in thine image ! It belonged to thee, and I have unjustly appropriated it. As if he were of the animals of which thou hadst said to me, at the beginning of the world, ‘ have dominion over them,’ I have taken thy son, also, the son of Adam, my own brother, sprung from thee, and I

have used him like any other beast of burden !
Oh, my father, — his father, — father of all, —
pardon ! He is no longer mine ; I restore him to
thee ! ”

You have told me, madam, that a clergyman in
your country, the heir of a great estate in slaves,
has recently made such a restitution. May such
noble examples multiply every day ! May all
generous and pacific efforts of souls like yours be
abundantly blessed in this work ! And may the
time come, and that speedily, when, throughout the
whole world, in all ears and in all hearts, in every
habitable abode, the hour may strike of reparation
and of liberty !

I am, madam, with respect and Christian affec-
tion, your very humble and very devoted servant,

MARTIN PASCHOUD.

Paris, March 10, 1851.

The Slave in America.

BY GEORGE THOMPSON.

LAND of the brave ! thy hallowed shore

Is stained with tints of blood ;

And human cries are wafted o'er

Thy deep blue ocean-flood !

Hark ! from the fields where Freedom fought,

And heroes bled to save

The Ark of Liberty, are heard

The moanings of the *Slave* !

What is his lot ? unheard of woe,

Always to love and part ;

To feel the lash, to bear the blow,
 The rending of the heart ;
To see delights he cannot share,
 To feast, and yet to crave,
To hoist the flag of liberty,
 Yet live and die a *Slave*.

He lives upon a *Christian* shore !
 Enslaved by *Christian* men !
'T is they who o'er his tawny neck,
 Have bound the iron chain.
O, God of mercy ! let thy voice
 Thy truth and love proclaim ;
Nor may the tyrants of their race,
 Disgrace thy holy name.

Rouse thee, Columbia, in thy might !
 Thy tarnished glory save !
Bid every subject of thy sway,
 No longer be a *Slave* !

So shall one voice to heaven arise
In sacred harmony ;
And echo through the vaulted skies,
The shout of Liberty !

Edinburgh, June 5th, 1846.

A Letter.

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.

MY DEAR SIR:—Your letter needed no apology ; it was a pleasure to receive it ; such criticisms do us good, — they show us how we “ strike strangers,” (distance of place performs the part of distance of time,) and recall us to the duty of reconsidering our course, and the reasons on which it is based. It is not claiming much to ask that you will not suppose us so foolish as to wish the lives we give to a hard duty utterly thrown away, by a bad choice of means or misdirected effort. If we are in error, therefore, he does us a kindness who sets us right ; and our gratitude should be in proportion

to the worth of the cause such error harms, — the value we set on ours, and our *sincere conviction* of the goodness of the means we use to forward it, we have shown by the lives we devote to them.

Your letter objects to the language and temper in which the Anti-Slavery agitation is conducted, and the personal character it often assumes. You ask us to consider whether such a course is either justifiable or expedient; and I judge from a letter which enclosed yours, that you think our mistake in these respects, has injured the Anti-Slavery cause in the Slave States, and put back emancipation, especially in Virginia, Delaware, Kentucky, and Maryland.

I will tell you my views on these points; though frequent experience leads me to doubt whether, except in rare cases, any but an American can fully understand our position.

Napoleon, you know, always maintained that Wellington ought, according to all military rule, to have been beaten at Waterloo. The world, I

believe, has never had the patience to listen to his explanation. The victory settled for us the military sufficiency of the means that gained it. Our case, allow me to say, is precisely similar. In 1830, the cause of the Slave was desperate enough. The reaction, after the intense political excitement of the Missouri question, was perfect ; and the whole nation went to sleep. The pulpit was dumb, the press discreetly silent, and every politician avoided the fatal question with the instinct of self-preservation. Since then, the Anti-Slavery agitation, under Mr. Garrison, has achieved a wider and more immediate success than any similar cause ever gained in the world before. It has aroused the whole country ; driven the South to that madness and those rash counsels, which, according to the Greek proverb, always precede destruction ; swallowed up, like Aaron's rod, all the other political issues, — Bank, — Tariff, — Internal Improvements, &c. ; drawn into the vortex of its own excitement all the great

statesmen who had, again and again, pledged themselves never to *touch* the question, Webster, Benton, Clay, &c. ; blotted out the lines of the two parties that have ruled us for half a century, and turned every man into pro or anti Slavery, — unionist or disunionist, — broken to pieces the two greatest sects, Presbyterian and Methodist, and is putting the rest on their good behaviour ; it has filled every pulpit, railroad car, lyceum, public hall and private fireside, every arena, literary, religious or political, with discussion ; witness (the last instance) Mr. Choate so desperate as to steal the occasion of a literary address for a caucus speech. In a word, it has taken up the nation by the four corners, and shaken it out of all its old habits and trains of thought, turning it into an Anti-slavery Debating Society ; and all this, living in a country ruled by PUBLIC OPINION, and conscious that TRUTH is on one side, we count *success*. If God grant us as much during the next twenty years as we have had the past, our first of August

will be near, if not over, unless some other and bloody Exodus is before us in the providence of God.

I know you may say all this would have happened without Mr. Garrison and his friends. So, perhaps, the Reformation would have come, *some time or other*, without Luther; and our revolution without Washington or Adams. But he who maintains that either event would have taken place *as and when it did*, without these men, will recollect that the presumption is the other way, and that the burden of proof rests upon him.

You may urge also that the Anti-slavery agitation would have succeeded better if differently conducted. But when the success has been so unparalleled, the objector must recollect that the burden of proof rests upon him, and that, until the contrary is shown, such unequalled success is *conclusive evidence* that the method of agitation was well devised. It may be very natural for parties whom Mr. Garrison has annihilated, and sects which he has broken to pieces to find fault with

him; but it was hardly to be expected they should allege that the campaign in which they have been so signally defeated, by a miserable minority, was ill planned and worse executed.

What I wish you to observe is, that you are calling on the conqueror, in a case where accident could have no part, to prove his military capacity! He answers you, in Wren's epitaph, "*Circumspice!*" Look around you!

As you remark in your letter, all American discussions, political and religious, are carried on with such personality and frank and blunt censure as are distasteful to an Englishman. Granted. It ought, then, to be no matter of surprise that the Anti-Slavery agitation shares in the national fault; nor should it be matter of special blame, that a man, in becoming an Abolitionist, did not cease to be American in his habits and tastes. Indeed, we might claim that if there be *any* cause which could justify the most direct and harsh censure and the utmost personality, it must be ours. Could we sit down together, and

compare the Anti-slavery with the religious and political press of the United States, I think you would allow that its higher aims and purer principles have elevated and refined, as you think they should do, the tone of its discussions. Indeed, making fair allowance for difference of individual tastes, recollecting the priceless right we are battling for, and that our ranks are too poorly filled to refuse any honest man who offers his aid, I can say I have no fault to find with the language or temper of the Anti-Slavery press. To Alexander's criticism of their weapons, the Scythians made answer, "If you knew how sweet freedom was, you would think it right to defend it even with axes."

Consider our position and recollect our object. Living in a land governed exclusively by public opinion—ruled by men not by laws,—we are attempting to abolish a system of Slavery sanctioned by public opinion. To effect our object we must entirely change this public opinion. We are a minority; all the posts of influence are held

against us, the pulpit, the press, the senate-house and the market-place. Yet to succeed, we must reach every class in the community, the thoughtless and the thoughtful — the calm and the enterprising — the rude and the refined, the ignorant and the educated. In such circumstances, to expect every Abolition speaker to model himself on Dr. Channing is the greatest mistake. Dr. Channing spoke to the man of refinement and culture, with feelings sensitively alive to every consideration of duty and humanity. But with the exception of these, a few thousands at best, he was of no avail till lips more Saxon than his translated him for the benefit of the masses. The world has been criticising, for a century, the Methodist and the Moravian for their want of taste, and the rude familiarity with which they speak of things held sacred, and usually approached only with great decorum. But the Methodist and Moravian have touched more hearts than all the educated pulpits. The Quaker, while his words were half battles and stung like adders,

made converts. He has become staid and decorous and ceased to grow.

The fact is a new idea, the germ of Reform, is first a sentiment, then a thought — and afterward a principle. Hence almost all Reforms have originated among the masses and worked their way upward. I do not know that a single great Moral Reform has sprung from the schools — and when any Moral Reformer has appeared there — he has found himself speedily ejected and forced into the company of those who live in their sentiments, the mass of mankind. Their language is rough, blunt, and often coarse, as some over fastidious ears count coarseness. Reformers are usually made of the same stuff and share these faults. And one of a different stamp seeking to bridge over the space between him and his audience, borrows, for the moment, their vocabulary.

You allude to the personality of our discussions.

In a country like ours, governed, as I have reminded you already, entirely by public opinion,

the opinions of those who, either in the pulpit, at the head of the press, or in political station, represent others and seek to mould the moral sentiment of the community, are practically *facts* of momentous import to all of us. Our immediate welfare and our future destiny are inevitably and deeply affected by them. In such circumstances those persons have no right to complain if their opinions and actions are scanned and criticised with relentless scrutiny by parties so deeply concerned in them as we are. If they shrink from this responsibility they must quit the post which entails it. The politician is our servant, whose acts it is our duty and right to criticise—the mistakes of the clergyman and the editor make our farms less valuable and our lives less secure—endanger free speech and jeopard the welfare of our children—they must expect to be vigilantly watched.

If you object to our frequent judgment of motives, I need only remind you that such judgment

is necessarily made upon a very close consideration of the thousand minute circumstances of a man's past history, present position, previous declarations, known associates, general character, &c., &c., which none but those near at hand can properly estimate; so that we may be oftener right than your general knowledge of our country would lead you to think. As to the expediency of openly stating that which is generally surmised, who can doubt that it is one powerful means of destroying the influence of the plausible arguments of designing men to point out to those they are likely to delude, the corrupt and interested motives by which they are led. It seems to me that nothing but very false charity would require that we should omit from our criticism of Webster, the well-known fact that he does not believe his own statements, or rely on his own arguments, and would never have used either but from calculations of political expediency and the hope of the Presidential chair. Our cause must be very strong indeed,

when it can afford to forego, in its unequal battle with a nation, so potent a means of opening men's eyes to the treachery of his conduct, and the fatal course on which he is leading the nation. After all, the masses judge of opinions more by the men who hold them than the arguments on which they rest. Our aim is to free the Slave, by changing the sentiment of this nation. We must take human nature as we find it, and use all honest means to reach and mould the national heart.

As for the, here oft-answered, objection about Delaware, Maryland, &c., I hope you will not print that in any remarks that you may publish about your travels here, since every enlightened man would regard you as duped by the stale pretences of pro-Slavery hypocrisy. Every candid man, of all parties, North and South, laughs at such statements. They served their purpose years ago, but have long since fallen into the kennel of exploded lies. Intelligent Southerners have again and again confessed that the agitation had weakened

the whole system; Cassius Clay acknowledged it for Kentucky, — Mr. Vaughan, his partner in the editorship of the Louisville Examiner, added his testimony for that and other States. If you wish more palpable evidence, take it in the clouded close of the life of Calhoun, who sank to his grave, confessing that the days of Slavery were numbered, and throwing all the blame on the Anti-Slavery agitation. Indeed, if the Garrison movement, with the political efforts which have resulted from it, is putting back emancipation, how comes it that for twenty years the South has gone frantic with fear, and been calling on the North to quell it? threatening to dissolve the Union if it were not stopped, and rushing on the maddest courses to regain the balance of power, which they felt was slipping from their hands. Do men usually exhibit such fear and hatred toward those who are confirming their power and adding value to their property? Have the manufacturers of your country offered a reward of \$5,000 for the head of Sir

Joseph Paxton? or did your landholders, during the late corn-law excitement, tar and feather the Dukes of Richmond and Buckingham? Judge the South by its acts; not its pretences, — and you will easily learn by those alone the true effects of our agitation on Slavery even in the Slave States.

* * * * *

Boston, November, 1851.

Sonnet.

TO A BLACKBIRD.

BY JAMES HURNARD.

SING, happy blackbird ! thy melodious lay
Proves that thy breast some heavenly spark contains,

Love, joy, and hope distend thy little veins
As they do mine. Cease not thy song so gay.
While such a bond of fellowship remains
I will not harm thee. I will never play
The kidnapper, and rifle thee away
Forever from thy native hawthorn lanes —
Rob thee of freedom till thy dying day —

Sever thee from thy mate — and while thy pains
Wring from thy ebon breast despairing strains,
Mock at the wrongs that on thy spirit weigh.
Life, love, and liberty thou shalt not lack,
Nor be a Slave, although thy hue is black.

Colchester, 8th mo., 6th, 1849.

Christianity a Crime!

BY SAMUEL MAY, JR.

STRANGE as it may appear, and reluctant as any may be to admit it, the words above are neither a fiction nor an exaggeration. They express an existing fact, coëqual in its extent and operation with the boundaries of the United States of America.

There is not a land on the face of the earth where more show of religion is made than in this; none where louder professions are made of reverence for the Son of God, the Saviour of the world. Yet obedience to the great and fundamental law of his religion is here forbidden by the law of the

land, and punished as a crime. Temples, profess-
edly erected to the honor of God, exist almost
without number in the land, while our laws require
that the plainest precepts and clearest principles
which God has ordained for the control and well-
being of mankind, must be violated and treated with
scoffing and contempt. Or, if any one venture to dis-
regard the human and obey the divine mandate,
forthwith he subjects himself to the punishment of
a felon. Such is the decree of the Sovereign
Power of this Union, speaking through the laws
thereof.

We have a Constitution, one of whose objects,
in the words of those who made it, and of those
who have, for upwards of sixty years, expounded
it, is, "to secure to the citizens of the Slaveholding
States, *the complete right and title of ownership, in
their Slaves AS PROPERTY, in every State of the
Union,*"*—a Constitution which contains a distinct

* Story, *Prigg vs. State of Pennsylvania*, p. 77.

“*bargain between Freedom and Slavery.*”† We have laws enacted in conformity with this BARGAIN, although with various unconstitutional provisions superadded, which command, as the duty of the American citizen, the violation of the most explicit commands of God and of Christianity, and the performance of acts which are alike forbidden by God, by every principle of justice, and by every sentiment of humanity.

An outcast, wretched man — escaping from those who have cruelly entreated him all his days, who have defrauded and plundered him, beaten and bruised his wife and children before his eyes continually, and then sold that wife and those children, out of his sight forever, to other demons in human shape — flies to us and implores protection from those who are about to seize and carry him back to renewed sufferings. “Thou shalt NOT deliver him back,” says the voice of God, speaking in His

† John Quincy Adams. *Diary*, 1820.

word, and in the heart of man. "He SHALL be delivered up," say the Constitution and laws of this land. "We ought to obey God rather than man," is our reflection and our reply. Do so at your peril, cry the "ministers of the lower law," as they style themselves; imprisonment and fines shall be visited upon you.

"Feed the hungry; clothe the naked; hide not thyself from thine own flesh; bring him who is cast out to thy house; and relieve the oppressed." These are the positive and clear commands of God.

Whoso does this, says the law of this Union, — whoso shall harbor a fellow-man, accused of no crime, fleeing from Slavery, and seeking only freedom without molestation or oppression, he shall be fined one thousand dollars, and shall be imprisoned six months for each and every instance in which he thus *transgresses*; and he shall furthermore pay to the self-styled owners, the assessed *money-value* of every fellow-man whom, in obedi-

ence to the Gospel of Christ, he has fed, or clothed, or sheltered, or visited.

Our principal cities and towns, and even our more retired rural abodes, are now harassed and disgraced by the efforts of ambitious and heartless men to enforce these penalties. And, as might be expected when *distinguished* men thus array themselves against God, and set examples of wickedness in high places, meaner men, in editorial chairs, in lawyers' offices, in pulpits, and in the marts of trade, emulate the base deed, pour out their low contempt upon every appeal for justice and for mercy, and breathe out threatenings and slaughter against the servants of the Lord.

In the United States Senate, not long since, a Senator of the State of New York* spoke of a law higher than that of Congress, — higher than any which man can enact. The bare suggestion of such a law, — a law of superior authority and

* William H. Seward.

weightier obligation than a Congress of Slaveholders can frame, — was received with derision and mockery by the Senators generally, and but one or two were found to do it the reverence even of a verbal acknowledgment. Thenceforward, the very phrase, “a Higher Law,” was bandied to and fro from press and pulpit throughout the country, with jeers or frowns, as a monstrous heresy or a frivolous superstition.

Soon after, one of the leading Democrats of the Union, an ex-Vice-President, GEORGE M. DALLAS of Pennsylvania, seized the opportunity of a public dinner in the city of New York, to throw his contempt on the Higher Law. He sent a toast complimentary to Senator Dickinson of New York, (one of those Northern hounds of the Slave power, who have been the shame and well-nigh the destruction of our country,) and these were the words thereof, as published in the papers of the day: — “*The patriot Senator of New York —* He who cherishes no higher aim than his country’s

good, and adopts no higher law than his country's Constitution."

Not to be behind any Democratic rival, in regard to any test of a man's fitness for the Presidential chair, DANIEL WEBSTER soon comes forward to try *his* hand at the work of insulting and *ignoring* (as the modern phrase is) that Power whose Being and Laws he had often, with hypocritic speech, invoked and professed to reverence. The place which he chose for his impious deed was one of the resorts of gayety and fashion, a watering-place in Slaveholding Virginia. Thus he spoke : —

"Gentlemen, this North Mountain is high, the Blue Ridge higher still, the Alleghany higher than either, and yet this higher law ranges further than an eagle's flight above the highest peaks of the Alleghany. (Laughter.) No common vision can discern it; no conscience not transcendental and ecstatic can feel it; the hearing of common men

never discerns its high behests, and, therefore, one should think it not a safe law to be acted on in matters of the highest practical moment. It is the code, however, of the fanatical and factious Abolitionists of the North."

But even these instances are not the most painful nor the most remarkable. We are prepared to see depraved and vicious developments of character in old, hackneyed politicians, whose whole moral natures have been infected with the corrupt and poisonous atmosphere of partizan struggle, manœuvre, plot, and counterplot. We have been forced to look upon a more humiliating sight than even this. We have seen within the year one of the largest religious bodies of the land, all the while pretending great zeal for God and Christ, and great concern for immortal souls, join in the mock which is made of God and his commandments. Surely, here is the revival of the old scene, when a professed friend and disciple drew near to Jesus,

and said, Hail, Master, and kissed him, at the same moment beckoning his murderers to draw near and take him. The case to which we refer is thus told in journals wholly friendly to the body whose proceedings are reported :*

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church (New School) met in Utica, N. Y., in May last. In the course of a discussion upon Slavery, "Rev. Mr. Grosvenor said, I wish to offer an amendment to what has been offered : *Resolved*, That the Fugitive Slave law, in its present provisions and requirements, is entirely opposed to the impulses of humanity, to the principles of justice, and to the precepts of the Bible. This was received with considerable laughter by the Assembly."

Laughter! Was there no other way in which to receive, even though it had been ill-timed and mistaken, a proposition like that? We are led to

* The Oneida (Utica) Whig, N. Y. Journal of Commerce, &c.

say, as William Jay, the celebrated preacher of Bath, England, is reported to have said, when speaking of some kindred enormity, "Come up here, old Devil, and see if you can beat that." "Laughter"! Yes—answered by fiends, and echoed from the sounding walls of hell. But in vain they laughed. He, that is *HIGHER* than the *highest* regarded them. The Almighty shall have *them* in derision, yea, He shall mock when their fear cometh.

To these impious and atheistical sentiments, multitudes of the pulpits of the land have responded. Very few have dared to withstand them, and vindicate the insulted Majesty of Heaven, the eternal principles of Justice, Truth, and Love. Daniel Sharp of Boston, from his pulpit, calls upon his hearers to obey the laws of the land, whether they are just or unjust, *RIGHT OR WRONG*; that is, whether they agree with God's laws, or directly oppose them. This doctrine has been taken up, and promulgated from the most influen-

tial pulpits in the land. Apologies and justifications of Slavery have been poured out like water ; and the great commandments, on which all others depend, To love God with all our heart, and mind, and strength ; and, To love our Neighbor as ourselves, have been driven to the wall. And thus has the Nation made the commandment of God of no effect by its legislation ; and a corrupt priesthood have said, *Amen*.

So it is. To shelter the weary, hunted, and wretched Slave, — to bind up his wounds, — to break our bread to his afflicted soul, — to give him but a cup of cold water in the name of Christ ; — and to refuse to partake in the devilish work of giving him back to his tormentors ; — all this, which Christianity enjoins upon us and requires of us, the American Constitution and Laws forbid, while the Government is resorting to every expedient which ingenuity can devise to distort mercy into treason, humanity into crime, — stirring up the basest passions of the ignorant, prejudiced, and

vile against the friends of Freedom, and arraying the terrors of fine, imprisonment, and even death, against those who will not bow to the behests of Slavery.

This is the terrible condition of things amongst us, which makes our Nation not alone a cruel and an oppressive, but an impious and blasphemous Nation.

“The Union of these States,” it has been truly said, “is cemented with blood, and is reared upon the prostrate bodies of three millions of Slaves.” It is in such a land that we are now living ; a land WHERE IT IS MADE A CRIME TO BE A CHRISTIAN.

Leicester, Massachusetts, November, 1851.

To Powers, the Sculptor.

Upon hearing that he was employed on a statue of California and
one of America.

HOLD back thy work, bright son of Genius, hold !

Let not the spotless statue come too soon !

Let "La Dorada" fill thy lap with gold,

While thou dost tie her "Goddess'" golden
shoon.

Hold back "America" yet many a year,

Rather than let the pure, white marble lie !

Her high-born Liberty has many a tear

Of Marah bitterness, the while, to dry !

Speed on the day ! Truth ! Justice ! Nature ! Art !

Art ! thou hast powers men have not all discerned !

Hide not the black vein in the marble's heart :

Be no deep font of bitterness inurned !

Hold back the statue — not for Time, but Truth !

Oh do not let the pure, white marble lie !

Carve out a Niobe for our weak youth,

Straining the infant to her bosom dry.

Her youngest born is better worth thy while,

With her bright gewgaws, and her feathery toys :

Meantime, may Liberty, true goddess, smile

An angel-blessing on her girls and boys !

Hold back America ! or give her true,

Clasping the viper to her deep-stung heart !

Oh hold her back till her warped soul renew

Its virgin faith, — then give her pure, oh Art !

The Baron de Stael-Holstein.

BY MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

IN no country, where men are trying to act in a manner worthy of their origin and destiny, is the name of this noble philanthropist unknown. In France, and in England especially, have all good men felt the encouragement given by his sacrifices, his counsels, his wide influence, and his illustrious name : — a name which he accomplished the difficult task of still further illustrating by the exercise of that Charity, so courageously militant, yet so touching in its gentleness, which is alone worthy to be called Christian Charity. He devoted himself in a peculiar manner to the abolition of the Slave-

trade in France. None that heard them can ever forget the conscientiously precise and simple statements and explanations which he gave in 1826, while holding up to the shuddering Assembly the chains and bars forged for the better securing of Slaves.

I am permitted by Madame la Baronne de Staël, his widow, to extract the following passage for the Liberty Bell.

Paris, September, 1851.

L'Esclavage la Meme Partout.

PAR LE BARON DE STAEL-HOLSTEIN.

ON voudrait en vain se dissimuler ; les fruits amers de l'esclavage sont les mêmes partout ; nul peuple, nulle région, n'échappe à son influence délétère. Les Etats-Unis la ressentent comme le Brésil, la Jamaïque comme la Guadeloupe, et, de légères exceptions près, la condition des malheureux noirs est la même dans toutes les colonies ; on les conduit au travail, le fouet à la main, comme un vil bétail ; on imprime sur leur corps, avec un fer chaud, le chiffre de leur maître. Les femmes sont soumises à des châtimens corporels, dont la pudeur n'a pas moins à rougir que l'humanité.

Les familles sont divisées sans pitié ; le père est vendu d'un côté, la mère de l'autre, la fille du troisième ; et il n'est pas rare de voir compris dans de pareilles ventes les enfans que le libertinage des maîtres a fait naître. La justice est sans force pour protéger l'Esclavage contre les caprices ou les cruautés d'un maître barbare ; car le témoignage des nègres n'est pas admissible devant les tribunaux. Enfin, non content de cet amas de souffrances, on va jusqu'à leur refuser les consolations de la pitié ; car la religion de l'Evangile pourrait, dit-on, leur suggérer des pensées d'égalité dangereuses pour le repos de leurs maîtres.

Prononcé à Paris, 1826.

Slavery the Same Everywhere.

BY THE BARON DE STAEL-HOLSTEIN.

It is in vain to deny it ; the bitter fruits of Slavery are the same everywhere. No people, no region, escapes its deleterious influences. The United States feel it, as do Brazil, Jamaica, and Guadeloupe. With trifling exceptions, the condition of the wretched blacks is the same in every colony. They are driven to work, whip in hand, like brute beasts. The mark of their master is branded into their bodies with a hot iron. Women are subjected to bodily punishments, at which modesty, no less than humanity, blushes. Families are divided without pity. The father is sold in

one direction, the mother in another, the daughter in a third ; and it is not uncommon to see, included in such sales, children who owe their birth to the licentiousness of the masters. Justice is powerless to protect the Slaves against the caprices or the cruelty of a barbarous master ; for the testimony of negroes is not allowable before the Courts. In fine, as if this load of affliction was not enough, they are even denied the consolations of devotion ; for the religion of the Gospel, it is affirmed, may suggest to them ideas of equality dangerous to the quiet of their masters.

Uttered in Paris, 1826.

To Kossuth. *The Magyar*

BY WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

I.

AMIDST the roar of public acclamation —

The tempest-greetings of a mighty throng —

The cannon's thundering reverberation —

The civic fête, with toast, and speech, and
song —

The grand "All hail!" of a rejoicing nation,

A million times repeated loud and long —

II.

Can one lone voice, all tremulous with feeling,

Be heard by thee, O glorified KOSSUTH,

To all thy noblest attributes appealing,
As one who knows Oppression's bitter fruit ;
And to thy listening ear the truth revealing,
When sycophants and cowards all are mute ?

III.

My claims for audience thou wilt not discredit,
For they are based on kindred love of Right ;
And as for Liberty, world-wide to spread it,
I, too, have suffered outrage, scorn and slight ;
Known what the dungeon is, and not to dread it ;
And still am zealous in the moral fight.

IV.

Thou dreaded foe of Austrian oppression,
With earnest love of liberty imbued,
Since through America's strong intercession,
Thy liberation has at last ensued,
'T is meet thou comest here to give expression
To thy sincere and heartfelt gratitude.

V.

But, while thy obligation thus admitting,
O let it not thy generous soul ensnare ;
Act thou, while here, a manly part, befitting
Thy name and fame as one to do and dare,
Whate'er the peril of the hour, — acquitting
Thyself right valiantly, a champion rare.

VI.

Is it for thee to deal in glowing fiction ?
To call this land great, glorious and free ?
To take no note of its sad dereliction
From all that constitutes true liberty ?
To feel upon thy spirit no restriction
By aught that thou canst learn, or hear, or see ?

VII.

While this republic thou art warmly thanking,
For aiding thee once more to breathe free air,

Three million Slaves their galling chains are
clanking,
Heart-broken, bleeding, crushed beyond com-
pare,
At public sale with swine and cattle ranking,
The wretched victims of complete despair !

VIII.

The government that thou art now extolling,
As well-deserving measureless applause,
By its strong arm these millions are enthralling,
And persecuting those who plead their cause :
O, rank hypocrisy, and guilt appalling !
Like Draco's code, in blood are writ its laws.

IX.

For 't is by law the father, son, and brother,
Know nought of filial or parental ties ;
By law the sister, daughter, wife, and mother,
Must claim no kindred here beneath the skies ;

All, at the fiendish bidding of another,
Their God-given rights must basely sacrifice.

X.

By law the fugitives from stripes and fetters,
Who seek, like thee, a refuge safe and sure
From murderous tyrants and their vile abettors,
Are hunted over mountain, plain and moor ;
Dragged back to Slavery, as absconding debtors,
To toil, like brutes, while life and strength
endure.

XI.

By law 't is criminal a Slave to pity,
To give him food and shelter from his foes ;
For him no hiding-place in town or city ;
He must be hunted wheresoe'er he goes ;
And they are branded as a vile banditti,
Who for his freedom nobly interpose !

XII.

Behold what scenes are in our courts transpiring !

Behold on trial placed the good and brave,
For disobedience to the law requiring
That he whom God made free should be a
Slave !

Arraigned as traitors with a zeal untiring,
And, if convicted, hurried to the grave !

XIII.

Thou hast proclaimed, in tones like ringing clarion,
That freedom is the gift of God to all ;
That as a man, not as a mere Hungarian,
In its defence thou 'lt bravely stand or fall ;
For Jew and Greek, for Scythian and Barbarian,
Alike are summoned by its trumpet-call.

XIV.

I take thee at thy word, out-spoken hero !
Forget not those who are in bondage here ;

For our humanity now stands at zero,
And threatens utterly to disappear ;
Rebuke each merciless plantation Nero ;
Reprove our land in accents loud and clear !

XV.

While praising us wherein we are deserving,
Tell us our faults, — expose our crime of
crimes ;
Be as the needle to the pole unswerving,
And true to Freedom's standard in all climes ;
Thus many a timid heart with courage nerving
To meet the mighty conflict of the times.

XVI.

Say Slavery is a stain upon our glory,
Accursed of Heaven, and by the earth abhorred ;
Show that our soil with negro blood is gory,
And certain are the judgments of the Lord ;
So shall thy name immortal be in story,
And thy fidelity the world applaud.

XVII.

Yet first, for this, thou shalt be execrated
By those who now in crowds around thee press ;
Thy visit shall be sternly reprobated ;
Thy friends and flatterers grow less and less ;
Thy hopes for Hungary be dissipated ;
America shall curse thee, and not bless.

XVIII.

But if, alas ! thy country's sad condition,
And need of succor, a pretence be made,
Why from thy lips should fall no admonition,
Lest she should lose our sympathy and aid ;
No blessing can attend thy selfish mission —
The cause of freedom thou wilt have betrayed.

XIX.

O, shall the millions here in bondage sighing,
Branded as beasts, and scourged with bloody
whips,

The "property" of tyrants God-defying,
Hear not one word of pity from thy lips ?
O be not dumb, to thy reproach undying —
And thy great fame save from a dire eclipse !

XX.

Courage, Kossuth ! Be true — fear not the trial !
Pluck out thy right eye, and thy right hand lose !
Though on thy head be poured out every vial,
To wear a padlock on thy lips refuse !
And thou shalt gain, through lofty self-denial,
A brighter crown than all the world can choose.

Boston, December 10, 1851.

The Law of Progress and Slavery.

BY CHARLES C. SHACKFORD.

THE present aspect of Slavery is not owing to any isolated circumstances, or mere incidental and temporary causes. It is often repeated, "Were it not for the Abolitionists, much might have been done in behalf of emancipation;" "the agitation of the subject has delayed the day of emancipation;" and so on, with like observations, which show how superficial a view is taken of the subject, and how great an ignorance prevails as to the great moral laws which underlie all human conduct, and manifest themselves not only in individual histories, but also in social movements.

Some twenty years ago a few men and women began to protest, in earnest tones, against this unrighteous system of human bondage. It was like the conscience of an individual man, uttering its voice against some sin of which he had long been guilty, but to which he had been carelessly negligent. It was as if some youth had awakened to a sight of good and evil in the course on which he was walking. The first feelings of guilt were keen, and his nature not wholly corrupt; he blamed himself in no measured terms, and the blest spheres of truth and virtue gleamed before his view. But the temptations which lured him on were more glittering still: wealth to be acquired, power to be preserved, shame too reluctant to confess and abandon the evil course, — these caused him to close his ears to the divine voice, and plunge more deeply into the flood of excitement and action. He first turns aside and disobeys the teachings of conscience, then he seeks reasons to justify himself in his course, calls evil good, and good evil; until,

at last, darkness, delusion and utter abandonment overwhelm him. The least allusion to his propensities or conduct goads him to madness, and he hurls denunciation and contempt upon all who speak of them, as mere pretenders to virtue, to humanity and religion. He immerses himself in sensual delights, and his appetites are his gods.

This is the law of moral development in regard to Slavery. The nation, instead of listening to the appeals which the conscience, called Abolitionists, made for freedom and humanity, has determined, from seeming motives of expediency, to go on its course, though in utter violation of the fundamental principles of liberty from which it sprung, and of the religion of love and freedom which it professed. Accordingly, the progress of Slavery has been with a constant and rapid stride. It rules our government, it steps over the boundaries of States, and clutches every citizen. It claims boldly for its support the Bible and the Constitution. It ransacks all human history for its justifi-

cation, and exalts its head above all other institutions, claiming to be the perfection of a social state, absolutely essential to union, to safety, and to progress.

Never was there a more significant illustration of the nature of wilful transgression and unrepented sin to corrupt the fountain of spiritual principles, to darken the intellect, and absorb into itself the higher and holier sentiments of the heart. At the South, the first elements of civil liberty are utterly perverted, so that it is announced as the last discovery of political science, to be received as an axiom, "that the doctrine of *Equal Rights* is ridiculously absurd," and that "liberty is not a political right, but a personal distinction." And Christianity itself is held up and interpreted as the corner-stone of Slavery. Religious conventions vote "that it is compatible with the most fraternal regard," and that "it is a Christian institution involving no moral evil." This, too, is the language of many presses and pulpits of the

North, unrebuked except by a few who are called therefor disorganisers and fanatics. Not mere passive permission, but active coöperation, is demanded of "the good citizen," in the catching of Fugitive Slaves, and there is an evident tendency to put down all expression of thought and feeling, and stop all agitation upon the subject.

Now, all this is according to the law of moral deterioration, always operative where the voice of conscience is disregarded, and evil is persisted in. Those who do not desire the good, by degrees lose the perception of the true. The heart loving evil, at last brings the head over to maintain its cause. That conclusion which, from selfish motives, we desire to adopt, — that opinion, towards which the stream of our moral tendencies bears us along, — that system which is most congenial to our moral state, we soon can justify with plausible reasons, and can defend with subtile logic. The darkness soon appears as light, and he who began his course with the inspirations of truth and the in-gleamings

of divine principles, great foundation principles of God and humanity, at last presents the mournful spectacle of one who "gropes about in noon-day, as the blind gropeth in darkness." And when we look at such an one, we can but say,

"The eternal sorrow

In his unmonarched eyes, says, Day is done,
Without the hope of morrow."

To such a fate is this nation rapidly tending. The only way of arresting it, is to quicken into renewed activity the vital consciousness of the nation's soul, and bring it back to the simple and primal truths of conscience, — to the assertion of the inalienable right of all men to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

As thus the present position of this nation in its aspect as a whole, is the natural result of eternal and immutable laws of moral progression, irrespective of any mere incidental circumstances, or any modes of temporary manifestation of feeling on

this subject, so, also, is the attitude and relative position of the Free and Slave States a necessary result of similarly operating principles. The Slaveholder loves power; Slavery exists at the South, because it ministers to that inborn and perpetually cherished passion of lordly domination, of a desire of ruling, characteristic of the race of men who colonized the Southern part of this North American Continent. The system has charms for these, which those who do not possess so strongly this overmastering instinct, can scarcely imagine.

The Slave, as such, is an unthrifty workman, a wasteful servant, and it is poor economy to employ him. Very true; but he is the property of his master; he has no thought, will, or power of his own; he has no wife or children, to whose welfare everything else is subordinate; he can be flogged when he is saucy and rebellious, and the self-will of the master can be gratified at all times. The master has more power than any tyrant on the throne, within the sphere of his ownership. He

can dispose of the life, the liberty, and the happiness of one, one hundred, or one thousand of his fellow-beings. Were the Slave a mere article of property, like a horse or an ox, he would be readily parted with, when it was shown to be inexpedient to retain him. But there is an irresistibly sweet attraction to him who possesses the disposition and training of the Southerner, the blood of a cavalier, and the culture of an eastern, irresponsible Sultan, with his satraps and his harem, — in being the absolute master of men, women and children. He never will voluntarily release his grasp, until his nature changes. His land may be exhausted, his house tumble down over his head, and his life be without neatness or cheer, but spare him his Slaves, and he is comparatively content. The negro, as a Slave, is to him a pleasant object of contemplation ; but, as a FREE MAN, he turns from him with undisguised loathing. He feels no prejudice against color, when that color attaches to his property. His exquisite senses are not

wounded by his body-servant as long as he is his Slave. It is not the mere services performed by the Slave that renders his presence tolerable ; but the love of power, the selfish passion of domination is continually gratified. There is incense ever burning to his pride, and his lust of authority.

The Yankee, on the other hand, loves to work, to exercise his inventive genius, to create comfort and wealth around him. He employs workmen and servants in order to accomplish some end, which he cannot otherwise bring about. He would prefer to do the work himself, if he only had enough hands and feet. But he is only one man, and he wants to do many things. He has only an average share of lust for power, and a good degree of willingness that others should be free as well as himself. He loves freedom and free-labor, because he sees that they are useful as his instruments, that they are in accordance with good common sense. Neither his original bias of nature, nor his educa-

tion, nor his circumstances, lead him to act from the exclusive love of possessing the mastery and making all others subservient to his will. But the Slaveholder is nurtured in this element of domination, he is born to rule, he thinks ; he always has ruled, and he always will rule. His memory cannot go back to the time when he was not a young lordling, invested with this absolute mantle of authority. "Nursed, and educated, and daily exercised in tyranny," as Thomas Jefferson says, "he cannot but be stamped by it with odious peculiarities." The system of Slavery rears a race of passionate lovers of power, a counterfeit feudal chivalry ; it is a system of feudal tyranny, without its redeeming traits of knightly prowess, and high-souled honor. It makes its upholders overbearing and stormy at every check to their pride of self-will, for they have been, in a great degree, unused to opposition, and much more unused to be submissive and to be ruled. It makes a constituency contemptuous of labor and plodding industry, con-

temptuous, too, of all who work with their own hands, dead to calm and rational pursuits, accustomed to violence, and wholly indifferent to the rights of man, as man.

Now, with these data before us, we ought not to be surprised at the attitude of the Slave power, and the relative position of the North and the South in this year, 1852, in these United States of America, called a free Republic. The General Government has thrown its broad mantle over this corrupt institution of Slavery; for the Slaveholder has held in his hand the helm of this country's destiny. A subtile, ever-active combination of the Slave-owning interest, devoted exclusively to political chicanery, has ruled the councils of the nation, filled the responsible offices, directed the policy, disposed of the vast patronage of place and profit to the detriment of Freedom, and in a word, directed everything according to its own good will and pleasure. While the North, true to its genius, has been engaged in the divine

labors of industry, or, as the polished Southron expresses it, "has been working like niggers," the South, true to its genius, also has been ruling the government, and exercising its passion for power. And so well has it known how to play upon the worst elements of the Yankee character, that it has subdued the rising flood of moral indignation against Slavery, it has distracted the councils and designs of the North, and made both of the great political parties its slaves and subservient tools. Each is striving to get the more crumbs of those that fall from the Slaveholder's table; each is endeavoring to bid the higher for his complacent nod.

This is, indeed, a noteworthy problem, — a professedly Christian and republican nation marching with steady and rapid strides towards the enthronement of human Slavery, while all other nations, barbarous as well as civilized, are casting off the chains from the Slave. To land upon the soil of Tunis makes free every Slave; to

enter the harbors of the South entitles the Freeman of Massachusetts to be dragged from the ship, "whose deck should be sacred as the temple of God," to be lodged in jail, and sold as a Slave if the costs are not paid. It is a noteworthy problem how each office-holder throughout this vast country dares not open his mouth to plead for human rights; how the least word upon the subject of Freedom and Slavery would cause him to lose the smiles of power and offend the possessors of executive patronage; how to pray for the oppressed in our country, excites more horror and commotion and opposition than do the worst deeds of the oppressor. Here is something deep and radical, not temporary and incidental.

From the first, an unconscious instinct, a hidden and resistless tendency, has urged on the Slaveholding interest. They have all along been "building better than they knew" for their cherished institution. Their character, which is their fate, has been impelling them forward.

That has laid the foundation, and upreared the structure, so massive, so towering, which we now behold with astonished wonder. That has borne them onward in a career of arrogance, and of successful, proud assumption which has scarcely a parallel in the history of the world. And the whole conduct of the North has been such as to increase this temper, and to fan this flame. It has resisted just enough to provoke opposition, and has yielded at the very moment when to yield was to secure the greatest triumph to the opposing power. Its love of trade and of wealth fails when the passion for power is stimulated to the strongest vigor. The North is weakest at the very point where the South is *strongest*. Hence, the South has always remained the victor in the field, and Slavery has triumphed over Freedom.

Had it only been seen what were the great moral laws underlying this whole matter, a remedy might easily have been applied at first. In Milton's time, it was maintained that "Prelaty" was

essential to the stability of the regal power, as now it is maintained that "Slavery" is essential to our republican institutions. He proceeded to "untack this pleasant sophism," by the following fable. "Upon a time the body summoned all the members to meet in the guild for the common good; the head, by right, takes the first seat, and next to it a huge and monstrous wen, little less than the head itself, growing to it by a narrow excrescency. The members, amazed, began to ask one another what he was that took place next their chief? None could resolve. Whereat the wen, though unwieldy, with much ado gets up and bespeaks the assembly to this purpose; that, as in place he was near the head, so by due of merit; that he was to it an ornament, and strength, and of special near relation; and that if the head should fail, none were fitter than himself to step into his place; therefore he thought it for the honor of the whole body, that such dignities and rich endowments should be decreed him, as did adorn and set

out the noblest members. To this it was answered that it should be consulted. Then was a wise and learned philosopher sent for, that knew all the characters, laws, and tenures of the body. He, soon perceiving the matter, and wondering at the boldness of such a swollen tumor,—‘Wilt thou, (quoth he) that art but a bottle of vicious and hardened excrements, contend with the lawful and free-born members? Head thou art none; what office bearest thou? What good can’st thou show by thee done to the common weal?’ The wen, not easily abashed, replies, ‘that his office was his glory; for so oft as the soul would retire to divine contemplation, with him she found the purest and quietest retreat as being most remote from soil and disturbance.’ ‘Lourdan,’ quoth the philosopher; ‘know that all the faculties of the soul are confined of old to their several vessels and ventricles, from which they cannot part without dissolution of the whole body; and that thou containest no good thing in thee, and art to the head a foul disfigure-

ment and burden, when I have cut thee off and opened thee, as by the help of these implements I will do now, all men shall see."

We have not been as wise as the old philosopher. The great American wen remains yet in its place beside the head. It has received, "dignities and rich endowments," until its proportions are truly "huge and monstrous." When shall the philosopher appear, who, knowing all "the charters, laws and tenures" of the divine body of humanity, shall consign this unsightly excrescence of Slavery to its fitting place !

Lynn, Mass., October, 1851.

The Manumitted Slave.

BY TEUTON GEORGE.

TOLL, thou burial-bell, toll !
Out over the land let thy accents roll
Till they reach the distant sea ;
O ! that they spake of rest to my soul !
But that may never be !

When Marco's head lies low
For him thou wilt sound no note of wo,
He 'll rest in a nameless grave,
And few and humble they who go
To bury him by the wave.

Toll for my master's rest !
The drum and the waving banner and crest
Proclaim to near and far
That these sad funeral rites are dressed
For one who shone in war.

When Marco's death-hour comes
They'll toll no bells, they'll muffle no drums, —
For 't was his humble lot
To feed upon the scattered crumbs
Of the feast his labor bought.

I loved my master well, —
Though often his blows on my body fell
When sense was drowned in wine, —
And tears that start at that sad bell
On this dark visage shine.

Why did I love him so ?
Was it because he loved me ? No ! —

But his childhood was my care,
And a lovely babe was he I trow, —
In boyhood, O how fair !

And when the war-drum beat
And he rode to the fight with martial heat
Marco must follow too, —
And from the horses' trampling feet
His wounded master drew.

And many a weary hour
When the tropical sun, with maddening power,
Blazed on this aged frame,
I vainly prayed to God for a shower
To cool his fever's flame,

And strove, while I fanned his face,
With tales of his early days to chase
The lagging hours of pain,
And by his side kept my anxious place
Till he rose in health again.

O ! thankful then was he
And promised to set me at liberty,
And, just before his death,
He took my hand and pronounced me free
Even with his dying breath.

But ah ! his kinsmen say,
Unless I agree to be sent away
Across the Atlantic wave,
The gift is naught this very day
And I must die a Slave.

They say he left me gold —
A rich and a shining store I 'm told —
But yet 't is not for me —
'T is to pay the speculator cold
To bear me over the sea.

Then welcome Slavery !
Defend me, O God, from such liberty !

I will not cross the wave
To die amid strangers beyond the sea,
Far from my mother's grave.

'T is not my native land !
Let them prate of its palms and golden sand,
I heed not what they say.
My heavy chain I will wear in this land
The rest of my little day.

Expostulation.

BY RICHARD D. WEBB.

[The following letter was addressed to a worshipper of science, who returned from the United States in that well-known frame of mind so satisfactory to the Slaveholders, so mortifying to the Abolitionists. He thought the former not such very bad fellows, for he found them gentlemanly and hospitable, whilst he talked of the "rabid doings" of the Abolitionists with whom he had not consorted at all. This common result of a visit to "the land of the free and the home of the brave," as often arises from previous ignorance or indifference as from inhumanity or dishonesty. It is a consequence of a defective education, or unawakened moral sympathies. Many giants in theology, science, or politics, see nothing particular in American Slavery. The diffusion of sound information, respecting the doctrines and doings of the Abolitionists, would be of as much substantial benefit to the world as any that proceeds from the chairs of our most learned professors. It would inculcate correct views of political economy, and moral philosophy, and of the claims of practical Christianity.]

DUBLIN, September 25, 1851.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—You say you have "as great a horror of American Slavery as I can have." You do not defend it in the abstract;

how can you seem to defend it in the concrete? Is it more defensible in practice than in theory? Have you seen any form of it in the practice of the best and "kindest" Slaveholder, in which it was not a denial of right, a robbery of the poor, a system of forced ignorance, moral darkness, and inevitable impurity? Do you not know that among the three and a half millions of Slaves, a legal marriage is unknown; and that for a woman to maintain her chastity, if she be young and attractive, is impossible, except at the risk of life and limb? The Slave's wife may be taken from him any day; he may be forced to marry or live with any other woman; and his daughters may be distributed to whomsoever his owner pleases. These things are done every hour. Female Slaves frequently hang themselves, drown themselves, are tortured to death by the cowhide and the paddle, sooner than submit to pollution. It were idle to deny the crimes of Slavery; they are its inevitable adjuncts; if they were separated

from the system, and really put down by public opinion as well as by law, *it* could not live an hour.

You plead that the moderate drinker is preferable to the drunkard, and hence argue that the "kind" Slaveholder is not to be condemned like those who make a cruel use of their power. Now, in my opinion, if people really look upon the use of strong drink as a crime under all circumstances, they are right in saying that the more respectable the position of the moderate drinker, the more dangerous is his example. I consider abstinence from intoxicating drinks as merely expedient in a country where the force of example is powerful, and the evils of intemperance prevalent. But to be a Slaveholder is something very different from indulging in a slight personal gratification. If he be an American and a Christian, he is a traitor to the Declaration of Independence and to the New Testament, — he is acting against the plainest provisions and declarations of both documents. He

is voluntarily in the position of a mean tyrant and robber, and, by the force of his example, is a promoter of every crime. For every crime is inevitable, where a system prevails which invests a community, with its infinite variety of dispositions and characters of mind, with absolute power over all in the position of Slaves.

There is not a Slaveholder in the Slave States who is not so by his own choice. He may take his victims out of the State, and liberate them whenever he chooses. There is no law to the contrary. Though all the laws and all the policy of Slaveholding America are directed to foster and extend Slavery, and to maintain the willing Slaveholder in his guilty position, still, any man, really sensible of its evils and enormities, may resign it at once. Many have done so to their great pecuniary loss, but to the attainment of that peace "which passeth all understanding."

As to the pretence that Slavery was forced upon the Americans, and that the present generation

“cannot get rid of it if they would,” the plea is transparently hypocritical. All experience shows that it is easy and safe to get rid of Slavery. It was easily done in Hayti, — easily effected in the British and French West Indies. The bloodshed so often spoken of as having taken place in Hayti, was the consequence of attempts to reimpose Slavery upon the liberated blacks.

It would have been as easy for the men of the American revolution to get rid of negro Slavery as of the British yoke; but their love of mammon was fully equal to their love of liberty. The disposition of the South is to extend Slavery in all directions; the Southrons seem to look on its maintenance as the great business and duty of their lives.

All the pretences and all the calumnies that impeded the Abolition of British West Indian Slavery, are repeated on a larger scale in the United States. Clarkson, Wilberforce, and Buxton, were maligned and traduced in the grossest

manner. They were called fanatics, revolutionists, and madmen. George the Third hated Clarkson, just as Daniel Webster hates and affects to despise Garrison and his coadjutors. Nobody now says that Clarkson and Wilberforce retarded British emancipation ; that they only riveted the chains of the Slave ; that they were " rabid " and unreasonable.

Your visit to the United States threw you into association with the scientific, the mercantile, the wealthy, the fashionable, who, too generally, abhor all Anti-Slavery action, because it interferes with their interests, their connections, their prejudices, and their ease, and disturbs the tranquillity of their churches. I am not surprised that you misunderstand the Abolitionists, and talk of their being " rabid," though their most earnest efforts are but as an infant's struggles, compared with the ferocity with which the Slaveholders rave at the slightest interference with their mean and diabolical

system, and their determination "to do as they please with their own."

You speak of the opponents of Slavery as "Free Soilers." This is a mistake. Allow me to define the classes into which their opponents are divided.

The Free Soilers are those whose purpose it is to prevent the extension of Slavery over those portions of the United States where it does not now exist, to abolish it in the District of Columbia, and to separate the National Government from all connection with Slavery, not required by the Constitution. But they swear to support the Constitution, with its Pro-Slavery clauses, disclaim any intention of interfering, directly, with Slavery in the States where it exists.

2d. The Liberty Party profess to consider the Constitution as an Anti-Slavery document; and they say, if it were interpreted, as it should be, Slavery could no longer exist in any State which holds to that document, inasmuch as the State laws

must consist with the Constitution of the United States.

3d. The Abolitionists are they who direct their efforts to enlighten public opinion, by exposing the enormity of the system in all its aspects ; by showing the hollowness of politicians and the sins of the Church ; by pointing out its political, social, and religious disadvantages. They use no physical violence, they preach none, they countenance none. They appeal to the intellect and the conscience only. They judge the Slaveholder by his own standards, and point to facts for their justification. It is with this class that I sympathise. Their labors are carried on amidst great difficulties, and with an amount of energy, zeal, discretion and faithfulness that has never been surpassed in any other philanthropic enterprise.

As to the Northern men who go South in pursuit of gain, or to marry the planters' daughters, they do not, as you think, take the air of liberty along with them. They associate with the Slaveholders,

and, imbued as they are beforehand with prejudice against color, they readily imbibe the hideous morality of the South, and soon adopt the bowie-knife, the pistol, and the whip. I believe it is generally found that Northern immigrants are more cruel than native Southerners, and that the Irish and Scotch are worse than either.

When I speak of Christianity in connection with Slaveholders, I speak of it as diluted for their purposes, to something that will, they hope, save their souls without interfering with their "peculiar institution." A religion of justice, mercy, light, truth, and fair-play, they abhor, and would probably hang the man who would persist in preaching it among them.

Within the last two months, I have seen one man who was tarred and feathered, in South Carolina, for attempting to teach Slaves to read; and another, a Baptist minister, who was ducked within an inch of his life, in Kentucky, for attempting to preach to Slaves.

In referring to the deadness to religious impressions evinced by some observers of the operations of nature, you remark, "Such blindness is scarcely conceivable to some minds, yet to others the opposite appears but the effect of a warm imagination. So inexplicable is the human mind! The moral evidence which stirs one man to his centre, brings no conviction to another." This expresses something of my feelings towards those who regard without respect or sympathy the efforts of the enlightened and devoted Abolitionists, for the overthrow of a usurpation hostile to all religion, all truth, all liberty, all progress, all science. I ask you, whether is the more wonderful speculative blindness that you deplore, or this deadness and insensibility to enormous crime and moral evil? And, what is that religion good for, which has no operative power, which is blind to the character of that system of legalized violence, rapine, cruelty, and lust, called Slavery?

If Slavery is so cunning that you, with all your

refinement, tenderness of spirit, deep feeling, religious sensibility, and scientific ardor, can be brought to make terms with it so that you count "respectable Slaveholders" among your friends, whilst you can hardly help despising the eloquent, self-sacrificing, high-minded Abolitionists, it is time to do something to expose its wickedness and hypocrisy.

I hope you will excuse this freedom, which I take because I value your opinion, and think your voice of weight on whatever side it is given.

Dublin Ireland

The Ring.

(From the German of Anastasius Grün.)

BY HARRIET W. LIST.

I sat on the brow of a mountain,
From my country far away ;
Beneath me mountain ranges,
Green vales, and corn-fields lay.

A ring from off my finger,
In a quiet dream, I drew,
A pledge of love from a dear one,
Given at the last adieu.

Before my eye, like a spy-glass,
I held the golden wreath,

And peeped through the little circle,
Down on the world beneath.

O ! beautiful green mountains !
And golden fields of grain !
Well may so fair a picture
Such fitting frame contain.

Here glimmering cottages gaily
The slope of the mountain throng,
There sickle and scythe are glancing,
The affluent stream along.

And beyond, the plain, where proudly
The river rolls away,
And far off, the blue mountains,
With granite warders grey.

And cities with white spires,
And forests green and grand,
And clouds that, like my longing heart,
Are drawn to a distant land.

The green earth and the Heavens,
Man and his fair domains,
All these, encircling like a frame,
My little ring contains.

O ! a beautiful picture !
To see the Heavens above,
And all the land, thus fairly spanned,
By the golden ring of Love.

Forward!

(From Hoffman Von Fallersleben.)

BY T. WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

It is a time of swell and flood,
We linger on the strand ;
And all that might to us bring good
Lies in the distant land.

Oh forward ! forward ! why stand still ?
The flood will ne'er run dry ;
Who through the wave not venture will,
That land shall never spy.

ERRATUM.—Page 139, top line, for "stealing men," read "selling
rum."

Noted Perfect Oct 16th 1905. C. W.

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